

CAVALCADE

DECEMBER 1945 1



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THE NEW
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Cavalcade

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For the first time for six years, the world can think of Christmas traditions.

"AND she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

"And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around about them, and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes,

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men!'

That, in effect, is what you will tell Junior when he asks you, 'What's Christmas?' That, you'll tell him, is why December 25 is an occasion for providing presents. It won't make any difference to Junior that December 25 isn't the correct day — that the exact date of the Nativity is not known. Learned gentlemen are still waging wordy battles. They have been for many centuries.

In 351 A.D., Pope Julius I asked his church officials to fix a date for Christmas. The papal vote was for December 25, and Julius decreed that thenceforward,

Christmas Day should be celebrated then.

Previously, though Western Churches had regarded December 25 as the right day, Eastern churches had favored January 6. Less important sects variously believed in four other days — March 29, April 20, May 20, and September 29. In Bethlehem itself, three Christmas Days are celebrated. The Roman Catholic Faith have December 25, Greek Orthodox and Syrians celebrate on January 6, and the Armenians hold their Christmas on January 18.

Pope Julius had succeed at any course in choosing the December date. The ancient Roman pagans had honoured the memory of Saturn (a benign old God, reputed to have lived in the Golden Age) from December 17 to 24. During that time, all work ceased. From the moment the call of *Te Saturnalia* went up, the Romans gave themselves up to feasting and games. No wars were declared. If a state of war existed, hostilities were called off for the week. Presents were given . . .

"Men gave honored things that the year of the recipient might be sweeter, lamps that it might be full of light, silver and gold that wealth might attend them . . ."

Children decked their homes with greenery in remembrance of Saturn's reign, when all men were good and kind.

It was a simple matter to tack the Christmas ceremony on to the old pagan feasts. By combining both beliefs, they had both feasts and presents, and the new converts enjoyed the best of both crowds.

As the wave of Christianity

spread to the north, the barbarous Scandinavians turned from their pagan gods, too. They had also celebrated midwinter with feasting and ceremony. They, too, incorporated these feasts into their new faith.

The Church at first disapproved of the old ways, but the new converts made it clear that they would rather forsake their new religion than their traditional rites, so the Church welcomed not only new souls, but old traditions, giving them Christian names and interpretations.

In due course, the ways of the Romans, plus the ways of the Northernmen spread to Britain, and once more were linked up with native customs.

The greenery and present-giving of the Romans became one with the Yule log of the North. Both customs were adopted by the early Britons, who clung to the mantle too belief from Druid days. That ancient religion believed mistletoe had been given to the Goddess of Love to keep. Therefore, every woman passing under it must be kissed to keep this belief evergreen.

Saint Nicholas, the *Boy Bishop* from Asia Minor, did not make his appearance until about 550 A.D. Children throughout Europe knew him as the kindly, if unsavable, gentleman who rode a white horse. The hopeful young left their shoes at the door of the house, each shoe filled with hay, straw or carrots. If the owner of the shoes had been good during the year, the horse ate the food and left a gift in payment. But, if the child had been wilful, then the horse left the offering, and added a rod to punish

MOST comic strips are inspired by readers, who turn the continuity over to artists for illustration. Of the hundreds of different strips published in newspapers in America — more at the weekend strip — less than 40 are signed by the actual writers, and in some cases, author and artist are personally unknown to each other. Although the artist permits his sketches to receive newspaper credit for a strip, royalties are usually split on a 50-50 basis.

the disobedient or crying one.

St. Nicholas had many names and identities. The Italian children knew him as La Befana — a poor, wandering woman. Russia knew Baboushka. Other countries knew him under different titles, varying with the native folklores. The invention was the same, whatever the name or sex.

Legend has it that once the Saint rode past a poor peasant's hut, wherein lived a family so poverty-stricken that the children had no shoes. But, Nicholas dropped a purse filled with gold down the chimney. It rolled off the hearth and fell into a stocking in front of the fireplace. From then on, all that country's folk hung up stockings . . .

St. Nicholas spread from one end of Europe to the other. Dutch emigrants to America took their San Nicholas to their new home. There, he became at first St. Nicholas, shortened to Santa Claus. But, he still retained the same generous spirit . . .

Only the cynical would see any

connection between the genial Santa Claus of the child and Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of the pirates.

With their feasting and presents, the Romans took music, too. Early English Christmas were purely spiritual — sacred music and religion playing a major part. The linking of other customs brought about its present lusty, gay merriment.

Although Chauncer and Spenser wrote carols, they were not Christmas carols as we know them. Rather were they lusty, somewhat bawdy songs.

The early present-giving waned until the reign of Henry VII. He re-established the ancient custom, but not as it was originally known. Henry did not give presents — he received them. He listed all his subjects, graduating them according to wealth and rank, and instructed that his presents should be valued accordingly.

Queen Elizabeth kept up the old custom, but went one better. Her Christmas present replenished her wardrobe. Each year, her subjects gave rich furs and silks, silvers and jewels. On one occasion, she received a pair of silk stockings — providing unimaginative gifts ever since with inspiration. She was, however, records, delighted with them, and vowed to wear no others. Unfortunately, the records did not show the exception she gave to two bolts of cambric presented by the Royal dutman . . .

The four Puritan regime temporarily squelched the Christmas spirit — outwardly. But, though forbidden to sing in public, people met in groups and celebrated in

the same way. Carols were passed on — by word of mouth and by laboriously written sheets. And when the dictatorship of Cromwell was broken, the people made merry once again, with singing and dancing, feasting and wassail.

Christmas cards celebrate their first century this year. One hundred years ago, W. C. Dobson, reputed to be Queen Victoria's favorite painter, sent lithographs of some of his works to his friends as Christmas presents. The idea caught on. The annual turnover in Christmas cards and calendars is now quite a slice of revenue.

On his way home from Church one Christmas morning, Charles Wesley, brother of John, heard the bells pealing. That inspired him to write *Hark, the Herald Angels Sing*, but some time elapsed before the words were set to music.

A little over a century ago, Father Josef Mohr, an Austrian priest, faced a catastrophe in his small church. The tiny organ had broken down. It was impossible to get it mended in time for the Christmas service. But, on Christmas Eve, Father Mohr went out on a sick call. On his way home, late at night, the snow shone

whitely under the stars; all around him was quiet. Next morning, Mohr showed to his friend, Franz Gluber, who was also organist and schoolmaster, a few verses he had written. Gluber picked up his guitar and set them to music.

Later that day, Father Mohr's congregation heard, for the first time, *Silent Night*. Gluber played his guitar while the priest sang. *Silent Night* has become so well known, via the radio, that it is the first carol to come to mind.

A more recent innovation is the white-whiskered, red-cheeked Father Christmas at the department stores. To the confusion of the small fry, he stands in front of an overwhelming stock of delights, passing out smiles and small toys — in return for a slippery ticket. The youngsters find some difficulty in reconciling the tall, deep voiced gentleman at one store with the smaller edition at another.

This year, the under-five in the family will celebrate their first real Christmas . . . the first time in six years that the old pagan custom of wishing to all men kindness and goodwill, the echo of the angels . . . and the hope of it continuing, will ring true.

YOUR NEW CAVALCADE

December being the month for giving — are you bringing your gift this year an almost entirely new CAVALCADE? You will have gained your first hint of the change when you noticed the increased size and feature-back binding of CAVALCADE, as the contents will no doubt have called to your attention.

New features . . . great variety in articles . . . longer fiction stories, improved layout of these important box items . . . additional CAVALCADE floor in the top story of magazines, local or any kind, just in time for you to maintain the new high standard but don't wait to double it.

Kaspar Hauser

by FRANK DUNCAN



... The Boy out of Nowhere

FROM where he lounged in front of his door in the Unschlitt Platz the shoemaker, George Weichman, saw the boy. He shook off the drowsiness induced in him by the four o'clock sun, and started and it was not because the streets were empty and quiet, and the appearance of life interesting.

He stared because the lad, dressed like a peasant, staggered in a bewildered fashion as if stunned. He looked helpless. Now, the shoemaker knew that that day — May 26, 1828 — was a holiday and that all Nuremberg was enjoying itself in the woodlands and beer gardens, but he had seen drunken men suggested invisibility.

The lad staggered up to him, his eyes blinking. His lips moved, but he could not speak. The shoe-

maker noticed that he had great difficulty in keeping erect. He could barely lift his arms in a gesture, and when he did pass crossed his face. Had the shoemaker been a doctor he might have diagnosed the affection of the young peasant as locomotor ataxia — a disease which allows the sufferer little or no control over his movements.

"Gott," said Weichman, somewhat alarmed. "What is the matter with you?"

The boy only tottered and tried to speak, but couldn't. Weichman took him to the police. They examined him and found two letters in his possession.

The first, purporting to come from a poor German day labourer, stated that the boy had been entrusted to his care on October 7, 1812; and that, honouring an

agreement, he had coached him in reading, writing and the Christian religion, although he had kept him in close confinement.

"This says you can read and write. Special! Speak!" said Weichman.

The boy seemed to find his tongue. "A little, I know a little."

The official read on: "I have never let him take a single step out of my house, but I have already taught him to read and write, and he writes my handwriting exactly as I do." The policeman looked suspiciously at the haggard wretch: "Are you sure, you didn't write this?"

The boy crossed himself and shook his head in a labour of despair.

They turned then to the other letter, which was in Lenn and ostensibly came from the boy's mother. It said that he was born on April 30, 1812, that his name was Kaspar, and that his father, an ex-cavalry officer of the 6th Regiment at Nuremberg, was dead.

"Kaspar Hauser," said the lad, and added, like a child. "Kaspar has suffered."

He sat down in pain and pulled his boots off. The police saw that his feet were blistered and swollen: the soles were snow white, as if he had never walked in his life.

While Kaspar Hauser was detained as a vagrant, his amazing story spread all over Germany. So strange was normal life to him, so little did he know of it, that he might have come from another planet. Where had he come from? Who was he? What was the mystery behind him? These were the

questions on every one's lips, and schools of thought set themselves up and hostilely advocated their views.

He is a great one, and kept out of his own by some foul malignities, and one sect. He is the son of Napoleon, thought others. No, he's a waid, a fraud, an impostor, nodded a few. The paramount belief was that he was the legitimate son of the Grand Duke Karl of Baden, for had not that son within a fortnight of his birth been kidnapped, though the story given was that he had died?

In the goal Kaspar Hauser played with toy horses. He had the education of an eight-year-old, though medical evidence demonstrated that he had a bright mentality with the peculiar ability of being able to see better in a darkened room than in the light.

When the gaoler brought in a meal of meat, Kaspar grimaced as he tasted it, and was sick. It made him shudder to look at it let alone eat it. All he could live on was bread and water. It was also apparent that he had no sense of hearing, or rather an imperfect sense, for when the Town Hall clock struck soon after he was in prison, the clangs drove him to a crying rant and caused him to run about like an animal in alarm.

Medical evidence found no other thing! That the legs of this enigma of Nuremberg were distorted as if by confinement, and Kaspar Hauser, furthering his education with the help of the gaoler's little boy, was able very shortly to tell some of his story.

He said he had been kept in a prison until he was sixteen: it was

LOVE LOST

We met, we loved . . . and
 then I knew
 She was the only one for me
 And from her eyes I found hope
 I drew—
 A potent device
 She took my hand, with it
 my ring
 My lovely, lovable Nene,
 Then came the great
 awakening—
 I was just a passing fancy.

merely a den, six or seven feet long, four broad and five high. Two small windows were closed with black wooden shutters. His bed was of straw, and his food bread and water. He played with toy horses.

The police asked the boy if he could take them to this place, and he did. It was an empty house. In the dark cellar there were scuffle marks on the ground made by the boy; and in the centre was a post with a stickle attached. A bed of straw lay at the base of the post. It was all, in fact, as he described it; but the police, after making extensive enquiries, could learn nothing more.

In a confused biography, which Kaspar Hauser managed to write a year after his appearance, the boy added that he had sat on the ground and had never seen daylight. He said that he was given an evil kind of water which dragged him, and when he woke he

was in a clean shirt. Who the man was who kept him he didn't know, but often he would hit him and hurt him for making too much noise. This man, he confirmed, showed him how to write letters and made him understand Arabic numerals. He also instructed him how to stand, and made him practice standing. Then, one day, without a word, the man pushed him through the door and told him to go. That was the day he came into the city half blinded by the sun and stumbling like a drunk.

Kaspar Hauser developed quickly, and the town having adopted him as its darling mystery, he was handed over to the care of schoolmaster Daumer. Professor Daumer was a good guardian and a good educator. It didn't take him long to locate another special gift in the boy.

Kaspar was sensitive. He had visions, and gave a long description of his magnetic aura before and after the first thunderstorm he had actually seen.

After experiencing anything out of the ordinary, he would become convulsive and even unconscious. Daumer, on October 17, 1829, found his charge lying in the cellar with a wound in his forehead.

The professor offered him a cup of water, and Kaspar bit out part of the porcelain and swallowed it. He said that he had been attacked by an assassin, the man who had for so long been his keeper in the dungeon.

In May, 1831, Lord Stanhope visited Nuremberg just to see him, and took fondly to him. He believed him to be the victim of some criminal

set up, and offered 500 thalers for information. It was never claimed.

He sent him, at his own expense, to be educated at Aschbach but the boy showed no eagerness to learn.

He was vain and lazy, but Paul Feuerbach, president of the court of appeal, a learned jurist, legal reformer and professor, didn't seem to mind those attributes when Kaspar became a clerk of his. Feuerbach studied him intently and wrote a book on him.

In 1832 Lord Stanhope placed the mystery boy under the guardianship of Dr. Meyer, an Asbach. Meyer found him a shocking liar, and consequently, Kaspar was unhappy. On December 16, he staggered into Meyer's room gasping, holding his chest, and gibbling a few words about a man, a bag and a knife. He fell, and the agitated Meyer found a three-inch wound under his left breast.

Kaspar said that a man had come to him that morning with a message from the Court gardeners, saying that he could reveal his identity. He went to the garden: a stranger leapt out from behind a

monument, gave him a bag, and stabbed him. He said this again under oath. His heart was injured, and four days later he died.

Now, where Kaspar Hauser was stabbed, snow had fallen; yet there were no footprints except his own. Dr. Harlacher said the blow was made by a left-handed man, and as Kaspar was left-handed, Lord Stanhope suggested that the boy had inflicted the wound himself. What seems to have been overlooked, however, is that the knife, the razor, the sharp instrument of death was never found. But the bag was, and it contained a note which could only be read by holding it to a mirror: it vaguely referred to the Bavarian border.

That is one account of Kaspar Hauser's death. The other is that, coming out into the garden one day he was shot dead by a person unknown and unseen — a person who wished to keep his origin a secret.

And ever since it happened, until this day, fiction is the only answer to the why and wherefore of the boy out of nowhere.



Attention All Cars



The men who operate VKG are proving that crime does not pay.

by DAL DAVIS

WHEN the milkman felt the wheel of his cart bump heavily, he stopped to investigate. The half-light showed a bound and beaten body. Scared and sick, he jumped back into his cart and galloped to the nearest police station.

He reported on an insubstantial story. The sergeant on duty patiently disentangled the essential details and picked up his telephone . . .

A blue car cruising quietly through a street on the other side of the suburb suddenly turned sharply around and sped back over its tracks, wireless aerials bending in the wind. A quiet voice, speaking unhesitatingly and loud . . .

"Calling car 009 to Jones Street near Brown Lane. Signal 00. Message 60 to car 000. Jones Street near Brown Lane. Signal 00. Information 96. Time 5.18. Okay, 000? Okay!"

From that brief, coded message,

car 000 knew that a body had been found at the place given, that it had been reported through their division, the 96th message since midnight. They had received it at 5.18 a.m.

Car 000 reached the body less than five minutes after the milkman had stumbled into the police station with his gruesome story. One glance sufficed to identify it as that of a criminal known to be involved in various shady deals. Car 000 called VKG — the police radio station — and asked for help. Soon, a second blue car appeared.

Telephones rang. Files were checked. Bit by bit, the pieces were assembled. The corpse had been involved in a brawl the previous night. Shots had been fired . . .

Later that evening, John Collins, idly twiddling the tuning knob of his radio set heard an unfamiliar voice giving a minute description of a man wanted for a

murder. John shushed his family, and they all listened, awfully. About ten minutes later, after complete silence, the same voice came back, adding the information that the man wanted had been seen in a green sedan, Number ZZZ.001, heading towards the Eastern Suburbs along Ryeview Road. And still John listened to the police radio, to be rewarded for his patience with:

"Which car? Thanks. Calling car 0. That car is now making towards Bondi."

It was a running commentary. The man in the green sedan knew that he was being followed. He jammed his foot down on the accelerator, twisted down side streets and doubled back on his tracks. Car 0 reported back to VKG that they had lost the green sedan; but a minute or two later, another car picked it up. So it went on, the voice directing cars in a network around the area in which the green sedan raced and dodged.

As it escaped one car, another took up the chase. All the time, the pursuing cars kept the police radio station acquainted with the direction in which the green sedan was travelling, its speed and other details which helped the other cars to close the trap they had set.

He didn't have a hope of escaping. From the moment he was seen in the green sedan, the information was flashed to VKG, thence to all cars and stations in the city and suburbs.

VKG — Sydney's police radio station — has just celebrated its coming of age. Back in 1928, radio in police cars started off modestly with a meagre key and one car

equipped only for receiving messages. This solitary car was on the road between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. After midnight, the telephonist at Police Headquarters was also the key operator. In 1934, the first two-way message system between car and station came into use; three years after that the two-way radio telephone system was installed.

The number of messages hit an all-time high on V.P. Day. From midnight Wednesday to midnight Thursday, they logged 247 calls from VKG, plus telephone information, receiving messages and contacting ambulance stations. This year, they have been averaging about 110 calls every 24 hours.

When you consider the territory the cars cover — they have developed the radio patrol largely in the last few years — that figure isn't so high. Expert organisation sectioned the city and suburbs into divisions, each division covering anything from one to half a dozen suburbs, and serviced by a car — or cars. That division has the exclusive use of those cars, which carry both uniformed and plain clothes police. Should an emergency arise calling for extra cars, the division can get immediate help from patrol waggon, cars and reserves in very short time.

VKG's efficiency contributed to the lack of serious disturbances during the official V.P. holidays. Though the telephone system jammed under the pressure of calls, the wireless room kept cars moving to places where help was needed, mobilising and transporting reserves, keeping main roads free for urgent traffic, and working in conjunction with the Fire Brigade in

WHEN the board of the Adelaide (U.S.A.) High School decided that football was an unnecessary adjunct to the school curriculum, it dispensed with the services of the coach and withdrew its financial support from the team. One of the schoolboys promptly suggested that the boys form their own athletic association in order to raise money. Elected its president, he was confronted with the problem of transporting the team to its own twelve miles away. Urged by his classmates to do something, he made a careful study of criss cross-roads. When the 12.15 train pulled out from Adelaide, the team went with it — in American style physiology, "riding the rails."

Mr Eisenhower had solved his first big problem in transportation.

the matter of bonfires lit by small boys.

Up at King's Cross, for some reason Sydney's traditional centre of gaiety, the crowds gathered thickly. Whenever a crowd gathered in the middle of the street, a police car moved slowly through it, breaking up the mob into separate units, keeping people moving all the time.

New Year's Eve, 1945, will most certainly be a busy night for VKG and the cars again. Most of the population will celebrate the first peaceful New Year in six years.

Various youngsters, on V.P.-Day, lost their parents in the crowd instead of sitting down and waiting, the kids gleefully walked along the nearest police station and explained the position. The wireless room was able to notify stations that if young Johnny and Maggie were lost, they'd been found. Later, when a frantic mother rushed to a constable for help in finding the missing young, she was quickly comforted and reassured.

Wireless cars, more than anything else, were instrumental in

breaking up the menace of the "pushes." Sergeant Bayner, in charge of the wireless section, remembers back to the days when the Alexandria Road and the Peterborough Road used to stage monumental battles at St. Peter's Bridge. By the time the local stations could get enough men to stop them, the brawl was over. If the same tactics were followed by the local youth now, a couple of patrol wagons would be on the spot at short notice.

Not all the radio cars' jobs involve hectic chasing. VKG's mobile transmitting unit went to the Mountains during the bonfires in November, 1944. This mobile unit maintained contact with the city station and transmitted directions to the cars on the mountains, which, in turn, modified fire fighters to the danger spots. Had it been necessary, this mobile unit could have travelled for 300 miles, set up as a temporary station and issued directions to cars within a 10-mile radius.

All the wireless staff are qualified radio operators and technicians, capable of servicing the trans-

mitter, the cars and their mobile unit. Some of the equipment has been built at Redfern; and the station is completely independent of power. When a power breakdown cuts off electricity, VKG can switch to an emergency diesel. They've done it.

Over VKG passes every crime in the criminal code. One week, they will have an epidemic of bag snatching, and then stolen cars, or burglaries, or missing persons. They never know from one minute to the next what's happening.

Had Bill Sikes been this century's creation, Dickers would not have been able to write the same dramatic story of his capture. Bill's description would have been all over New South Wales, Victoria and Queensland within a few moments. VKG maintains constant communication with Brisbane and Melbourne police wireless stations. As yet, Adelaide has not a similar system. Perth has moved into line with the Eastern States.

Missing people are described accurately, but when it comes to a known criminal, urgently wanted, then he is described down to the last mannerism. If he pulls his left ear constantly . . . or straightens his tie continually . . . then known and added to his general description of height, dress and appearance.

"Attention! cars and stations" may mean anything. It sounds exciting, but for the most part is quite a routine matter like a stolen car. Quite frequently a car is stolen by "joy riders" and abandoned; the police return it to its owner before he knows he had been robbed. Just as frequent is the sur-

prise of a householder who reports a burglary and has the car at his front door before he's had time to wonder how long the police will be.

When the war broke out, the value of the radio cars was increased by lack of men to patrol the city.

But, with the city and suburbs, outer suburbs and near country within a radius of 60 miles under the protection of radio, there was no real cause for alarm.

Additional work came to VKG when service personnel came hooked up to their system. Civil police do not, except in cases of extreme urgency, pick up service personnel. They keep a keen watch in known trouble areas, and can have a service car brought through at the flick of a switch.

The war meant additional work for the special squads — the Vice Squad cars, who pick up misguided girls and turn over dubious residentially early each morning, for gaming cars, who kept illicit gambling schools moving; and, more than anyone else, the liquor squad cars, who had the thankless task of protecting people from bad liquor, peddled in the streets from cars and trucks.

John Citizen, chancing to tune his radio into VKG's wave-length when a message is going through, gets a kick out of listening. He hears only that quiet voice, a voice that never gets excited or emotional — the announcers report a murder in the same dispassionate way as they record the recovery of a stolen car. The casual listener doesn't know the flurry of work backing up those unburied voices.

DEATH

Rode the Rails

By JOHN EYALL

Friday, the Thirteenth . . . and the train's cargo included a corpse!

THE Tennessie Mail was comfortably full. People leaned through windows, exchanging last minute messages with their friends on the platform. The hand of the clock ticked slowly around to 8.10, and in response to the whistle and flag signal of the guard, Driver P. H. Irwin pulled down the whistle cord. The train moved forward, slowly at first and then faster and faster until the end of the platform whisked past . . .

Passengers settled themselves down for the journey. Mr. Burgess, the new member for Barragoss, was on his way to Grenfell to attend a military funeral . . .

Young Mr. Miorch, a railway employee, and his equally youthful wife, found congenial company in their fellow passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Topham. They talked for a while, and then one of the four suggested a game of cards to while away the journey . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Karsenhagen were going to Young. They had a job waiting for them — married couple on a station . . .

Mrs. Elizabeth Clark was on her way to her home district for a holiday. Trevor Walker, a salesman, also looked forward to his holiday . . .

The Heaver family did not have such a pleasant prospect. John Heaver, his daughters, Alice, Lilian and Viola, his son Arthur, Arthur's wife and her sister, Miss Pitt, were taking Mrs. Heaver's body home to Coomandarra for interment. It had been almost her last wish that she be buried there.

While they travelled in a reserved first-class compartment, the remains of Mrs. Heaver, in a coffin, travelled in the van.

Peter Cassenah had arrived in Australia but a week previously. For 14 months, he had been fight-

ing the Turk in the Balkan wars, and was now on his way to win a competency at Hardec.

Several members of Parliament were travelling to their respective homes . . .

It was Friday, March 13, 1914.

On through the night raced the Mail. The weather was bad for March — misty rain with a driving cold wind — mist that thickened in the valleys to a dense fog. But, Driver Irwin was an experienced railway man, steady and reliable.

The goods train should have reached Moss Vale at 11.44, but the bad weather had caused a delay. It was just before midnight when the goods arrived at Exeter, a small country station about 90 miles from Sydney. To clear the way for the express, the driver of the slow train backed into the loop line at Exeter.

At that township, as well as a dark mist, rain was falling heavily. Driver Irwin, leaning from the cab of his engine, saw the distant signal winking a green eye at him to indicate that the line was clear. As was usual, he reduced speed until he got the clear sign from the home signal. It was against him, and almost simultaneously, he saw the engine of the goods train in front of him. The driver of the goods was backing his train on to the loop. A few minutes would have saved them, but even as Driver Irwin jammed on his brakes, they crashed . . . head on.

About 40 workmen were camped on the other side of Exeter station. One of them, sleepless, heard the train coming, and the terrific impact.

"Brash, boys — turn out!" He roused the camp, and watching up crossers, swas, and peckers on the run, the men hastily dressed, raced to the scene of the accident, 150 yards on the other side of Exeter station.

Local residents within half a mile also heard the collision. Members of the station staff came running with flares, and planted them around the derailed engines and carriages. Within a short time, Exeter was aroused. Men came to help. Women stocked up the kitchen fires to supply hot water, and wood by. Doctors in adjoining districts were mobilised. The nearest hospitals were aroused, and asked to make beds ready for emergency patients.

The news was flashed to Sydney. A special train was hooked up at short notice, and the breakdown gang called out. As well as the special staff kept for derailments, the train carried medical gear. They raced for Exeter . . . running against time on hastily cleared lines.

In the darkness and driving rain, men worked frantically on the train wreck. They chopped swas roofs and sides of compartments to release those trapped inside. The flares had to be kept at a safe distance, for the gas used for carriage lights had escaped. Fortunately for the imprisoned passengers, the gas did not ignite — fire was not one of the horrors that night. The water tanks in the carriages burst and drenched the occupants with icy cold water, as did the rain. Wind made it bitterly cold.

Sydney papers, on March 14, carried only brief news of the

O TO BE A CHILD AGAIN!

When a toothless old man draws his lips in a smile,
The effect is rather alarming.
When a child says dentures does the very same thing.
His main price, "Isn't he charming?"
When a man full of years relaxes and burps,
He earns glances of derision and scorn.
But there's a cry of hurrah! when the feat is performed
By a man who's lately been born.
When a new tip is placed o'er the top of his head,
He's thought to be slightly mental.
An action which wrought at the hands of a child
Is greeted with fondness parental.
So . . . O to be a child again,
Scorning all caput de capis,
Doing the things that you want to do,
And treating the rules with ignis.

tragedy — reporting three dead and three injured. Monday's news was far worse, for 14 had been killed and about 20 injured, though not all the injuries were serious.

Mr. Heaver was not long separated from his wife. He was killed, as was his daughter Alice, and Mrs. Arthur Heaver, Miss Pitt, sister of Mrs. Arthur Heaver, escaped. She had offered her sleeping berth to her young sister, but the jester Mrs. Heaver refused, preferring to stay with her husband and the other members of the sad family. Mrs. Pitt went back to the sleeping car, and slept — only to find herself thrown out of the berth into the wet and chilly night, clad in her nightgown.

More horrible was the sound of her sister's cries for help, in a voice

that grew weaker and weaker, and then stopped.

The girl's husband called out to his sister-in-law that his wife was dead . . .

Someone else took the job at Young — Mr. and Mrs. Karzenhagen were both killed.

Mr. and Mrs. Minnis had finished their game of cards with Mr. and Mrs. Topham, and all four stretched out on the seats in the compartment to sleep. Before sleep came, Mr. Topham heard the crash as he saw the side of the compartment fall away, and the water decanter fly from its bracket on the luggage rack. The Tophams were uninjured, but the other couple were both crushed. Mrs. Minnis died on Mrs. Topham's shoulder, and dead and lying were together in the darkness

for three and a half hours before rescue parties freed them . . .

Peter Cammarini was injured. But the luck that had carried him through war stayed with him — he was cut with broken glass, but the travellers on either side of him were killed.

The guests of the Tumors, Mal was killed outright, but both on gine crews were saved. They were covered in coal and badly bruised, but that was all the physical harm. Driver Irwin and his fireman were both badly shocked.

Of the 14 dead, eight were killed outright — three crushed to death. Another passenger died as the rescuers reached him — two more died on the Exeter platforms and the other three were brought to the hospital hastily improvised from the sleeping car, but died there.

The task of the rescue workers was made more difficult because the list was on an embankment.

There was a culvert underneath, and because of the lack of electric torches, they had to work in semi-darkness, so that it was seven hours before the last of the trapped were released.

And while the doctors and the workmen worked among the injured, the breakdown gang cleared the line and made temporary repairs to the permanent way. By 7.30 on the following morning — March 14, the line was ready for use again.

Superstitious people had it that the train was doomed — a corpse on board, and Friday the 13th would be enough to bring bad luck.

But, it was a combination of things — the goods train being late . . . fog hiding the signal — over which neither dead body nor date had influence, that caused the Exeter railway accident — one of the most serious in the records of New South Wales.



He rightly believed that his destiny was born with him.



Something about the WEATHER

by INIGO JONES, F.R.A.S.

I BELIEVE that the decision of a career rests on subtle influences; that one of these influences is heredity, and another the curious incidence of childish and adolescent impressions. Consequently, it was inevitable that I became a meteorologist, for I come from a long line of technical men and natural observers.

My father was a civil engineer, and the son of an inventor who owned a large mill, while on my mother's side the line of astronomers and mathematicians reached back into the past. My parents brought me to this country 71 years ago, and our early home was on the highest point of Upper Roma Street, Brisbane. We overlooked the town and river with a prospect reaching beyond the distant Flinders Range, so that a wide expanse of land and sky constantly greeted my childish gaze—an impression which must have had an influence on my future.

I saw the insurgent river in the

floods of March, 1875, witnessed the great storm of December 28, 1877, which broke almost every pane of glass in Brisbane; we went to Maryborough and Gympie, where my father was concerned in the construction of a railway between the two towns, and saw the Mary in flood. I remember, one day, lying on my back watching great cumulus clouds drifting with the wind, and recall my wonder at the sight.

I saw the ravages of drought between the years 1882 and 1885, and from my home on the river bank at Kangaroo Point, watched the floods in 1887, 1889, 1890 and 1892. I was both excited and fascinated, and felt an urge to know more of the wonder of these things.

And then came the opportunity to satisfy the ambition which had unconsciously been with me throughout the years: I became acquainted with the famous Clement Wragge, who, observing my interest, provided me with a meteorological outfit. That was in 1887, and I have been a daily observer ever since.

It would, of course, be foolhardy for me to suggest that the incident

which I am about to relate was anything but a phenomenon of nature, but I mention it merely to provide a further example of how my destiny was inevitably linked with meteorology.

One day, I was sitting out for Brisbane, a journey which necessitated an early start. Whilst waiting for the coach at the gate of our house—which is on a high ledge of land, with a valley to the west—the gas broke through a low-lying cloud. Suddenly I saw on the fog bank my own figure; around the head was a glorious halo of the colours of the spectrum, and a wide, bright, peony aureole encircled the whole figure.

In the old knowledge,* such a phenomenon was considered to be a wonderful omen, and I regarded it as a sign of encouragement and success. It was an effect similar to the famous spectra of the Brocken, and is also mentioned by Benveniste Colling to his unexpurgated autobiography.

The "subtle influences" continued upon our arrival at Crusshurst, for soon after we settled there we witnessed the regeneration of the record rainfall of Australia—35½ inches in 26 hours; one fall of 20 and two of almost 11 resulted in the great flood of 1893 in Brisbane.

This then was the background of my career. Since my early childhood, it seemed, my mere presence in a locality was sufficient to bring about a meteorological phenomenon, and it appeared as though destiny had indeed shaped my ends.

At that time, long-range forecasting was still in its infancy;

then, at the instance of Theodore Unmack, the Postmaster-General, Clement Wragge commenced to work on Bruckner's cyclical theory, thus beginning the system of long-range forecasting on cycles under sunspot control—which it has become my province to endeavour to carry on.

For some years I worked as a pioneer, but my observations were all maintained daily, so that there now exists that complete record which is so necessary to the work. Incidentally, throughout the years, I followed closely the outline on the work prepared by my famous chief.

Early years brought little success in estimating the coming season—until at last came the year when the period of a cycle discovered by Bruckner in the records of the Caspian Sea began to appear, one by one. No longer could the references be regarded as a coincidence; they were definitely evidences of a law.

Much has already been written on the need and possibility of seasonal forecasting, but so far no one had achieved success in the field. When, however, a friend sent me a copy of *Earth and Sky*, by Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University, close study of the book convinced me that a new system, closely allied to the work of Wragge, was possible.

Huntington quoted an experiment of Micheland which showed how things like sunspots could be artificially produced, and drew attention to the fact that the sunspot period and Jupiter's revolution around the sun were identical. I suddenly thought of the motion

Mr. Inigo Jones, F.R.A.S., is a protégé of the famous meteorologist, Clement Wragge, whose theories he has been developing since 1887. His long-range forecasts are sought and respected by farmers throughout Australia.

MANY of the popular song writers who still continue to put melody into their compositions have refused those hands the right to perform their numbers — because, they say, the tunes are unsuitable for adaptation to today's hot music. Jerome Kern, for instance, prohibited hands from playing *Swingin' Gigs* as *Yankee Doodle* on the score that swing versions would not fit it as melody. Prevailed upon to remove his ban, he later regretted his revision — for the melody was so distorted by one hand that he failed to recognize it!

of the sun discovered in 1783 by Herschel, and asked myself: "Why have all the attempts so far failed utterly? Has any man tried to use this as a factor? Is it possible that such a great movement as this should have no function?"

As far as I had ever seen, no natural property existed without a function: why should this one?

From this was built up a general hypothesis, and by studying my past observations in connection with it, it seemed to give a clue. I wrote of my thoughts to Professor Huntington, and received a letter congratulating me on their importance. He added that he had made his own observations following receipt of my letter.

In 1923, my theories were given a great impetus: I issued a forecast predicting a dry spell in the latter half of the season. It was correct to within a few days, and occasioned so much comment that plans were expedited to develop the work fully.

Two things now became apparent: first, that I had a full time job on my hands; second, that the corner of the house in which I had been working was totally inadequate.

In an attempt to get the means to carry on my immense job, I asked the Commonwealth to re-appoint me to the weather office. This could not be done. Subsequently, I approached the University, where I had some contact with Professor Priestley, who expressed great interest — but added that he thought it would take about 300 years to get the final result.

Meanwhile, the Council of Agriculture in Queensland and the State Government extended some help, and the late Mr. James Allan had initiated a movement which resulted in the formation of a Trust and the building of an observatory at Cashburnhurst.

But the road continued to be hard; I attended a Science Congress at Cashburn, my paper was more than criticised — it was attacked.

Later, I went to Sydney, where I was enabled to address an assembly of pastoral and farming interests. I outlined the needs and nature of my work, with the result that they seconded the support of the Queensland Government and other supporters in order to ensure the completion of my work.

In 1931, the Trust was incorporated in a very strong committee, and now that the war is over, it is hoped to complete the observatory and gather the necessary staff and equipment.

The work here centres on the

full hypothesis first put forward by Clement Wragge, in which the first great discovery was a means of determining a food point as a datum for the cycles. This has been fixed by the dates at which the magnetic fields of the four major sun's path through space, but as this is not on the actual line of planets cross the longitude of the the planet's path, this in itself gives rise to other important problems as yet unsolved.

Next, the various sunspot epochs have had many diverse theories and as the sun has existed in its present form for ages and the available observations cover only a few hundred years — and those of an exact nature only 60 — there are many more needed, so that all types can be studied.

According to Buckner's double cycle of 71 years, the weather of the earth during the sunspot cycle of 1865-1877 is repeated during the cycle of 1936-1948. It so happens that the earlier cycle was very exceptional, whereas the present cycle is not so strong, with the result that the weather groups are

seriously affected; thus, serious droughts and the severe conditions in the Riverina, have lately begun to be more frequent.

My theories indicated that we should have had tremendous floods this year in N.S.W., repeated under the grand cycle of Neptune from 1780 — a date derived from information gained at the landing in 1788 from the blacks. The Lowmore floods may possibly have been these.

Then, if the theory is confirmed, the floods of 1875 should repeat next year; 1948 should repeat the great hailstorm of 1877, and a certain amount of drought is likely in the same year; in 1959, the passage of the fields of Jupiter and Saturn in combination should give a worse type of drought, while the '60's should see a lot of floods — with, possibly, one in 1964 similar to that of 1893.

Next year should be favourable, but from then until 1948, a slow decline is anticipated, with a good deal of drought at the end of that time.



Men have always been prepared
to die in the cause of science.

by RUTH PARK



The Joyful Crown

THE eight men sat cross-legged, looking nose and then at the open window, through which came the damp, swamp-scented air of Cuba. The Virginian was leaning over, his naked back, scarred with old battles, gleaming in the lamplight. The wary, sly face of the Chicago transient boy turned deliberately towards him.

"With a gray could smoke," he burst out. He felt worse than he ever had before an action out there in the jungle swamps. The Dutch Pennsylvanian grinned sympathetically and looked his sympathy. He had been a house-painter before he turned soldier.

Suddenly, into the tranquility of that bare room came the sharp hiss of the Jew, who jerked his oily head towards the wall. And there they saw paling, the enemy — the elusive, silver-smoked mosquito.

One of the men laughed, and

the Dutchman stretched out his great naked forearm as if in hospitality to the insect. Soon the air was filled with the shrill singing of mosquitoes. White welts appeared on the men's skins. They did not raise a hand to slap away their tormentors.

Of these eight men, only two lived. Yellow fever killed the others — yellow fever, the disease which they had voluntarily contracted when they offered themselves as guinea pigs in the great search for its origin.

A few months later, another group of men, all Cubans, volunteered — and all died. But not in vain, for the milder of yellow fever had been solved. It was the mosquito called *Stegomyia* that carried the plague, a plague which had killed ten thousand people in three months in Philadelphia, over twenty thousand Frenchmen in the

first attempt to build the Panama Canal, and in Cuba destroyed more Americans than did the Spaniards who were fighting them.

It was Dr. Walter Reed who discovered the means of eradicating the mosquito and Colonel Gorgas who carried out the destruction — draining all waste water and sealing the swamps with oil. He transformed both Panama and Cuba into health resorts.

Twenty-eight years later, in 1932, the first vaccinations for yellow fever were performed on fifteen criminals who offered themselves for experiment. All survived.

Those who willingly faced deadly infection were not the only martyrs to science: in the effort to free mankind from the disease which crucified it, there has never been a lack of men and women eager to suffer and prepared to earn the joyful crown of martyrdom.

There was Danielsson, the Norwegian doctor. With sad eyes Danielsson saw about him the slow death of leprosy, a loathing to themselves and a peril to everyone else. He knew that the disease was known in Babylon, that in the Middle Ages in Europe the burial service was and over the centuries putrefying creature while he was still alive. Until the method of infection was known, Danielsson realized that the disease could not be controlled.

One day, in desperation, he inoculated himself with the blood, the rotten tissue, and pus of leprosy, ready to face a horrible fate. But he did not contract the disease, and was as ignorant of the cause as ever. That was a hundred years ago, and still doctors do not know

how leprosy is contracted. They only know that injections of chauli megra oil can hold it at check.

Dr. Kolmer, of Philadelphia University, knew that the old Egyptians suffered from polio, or infantile paralysis. His testimony lay in the twisted bones of mummies. He also knew that not until the great Stockholm epidemic of 1889 was it established that the disease was infectious.

Working on these facts and another — that certain monkeys can be infected with the disease, transmitted from human beings — Kolmer made a vaccine from the spinal fluid of monkeys and inoculated himself and his two sons. At the same time, in another scientific centre, four scientists prepared a similar vaccine from the spine of the Chinese monkey. They also used themselves as guinea pigs, the oldest of them being a frail man of 72. Children immunized with one or the other of these vaccines are 85 per cent safe from the pitiful ravages of "polio."

Not all human guinea pigs have escaped the fate they willingly embraced. In the late 18th century lived John Hunter, a tough, boorish, ungrammatical Scotsman, who was the first genius of biology.

The British Government was, at one time, offered Hunter's invaluable collection, which illustrated the development of organic life, but Prime Minister Pitt indignantly exclaimed, "What? Buy specimens! I have not enough money to buy gunpowder!"

Yet that same museum has been the foundation of all modern medical education.

The question of the time was

**PARDON ME, CHILDREN, BUT
CAN I BUTT INTO YOUR GAME?**

My daughter, since your advent on this earth,
You've displayed a noble ring of my worth,
And if by my boasts your admiration was inspired,
Is that blameworthy in the father you've acquired?
If I have over-estimated my ability
Won't you please take notes now of my humility?
No!—Then like a broken rose, I'll quickly fade
Off on the feet of slay that retrograde your ideal
A humble, prosaic, slumping ancestor
Who lost your shiny mortals to the boy next door.

whether gonorrhea, and syphilis were the same disease, and in an effort to find out, Hunter inoculated himself with gonorrheal discharge.

He developed the disease in a virulent form, and also syphilis, for, unknown to him, the subject who had supplied the virus had been afflicted as well with syphilis of the internal organs. Hunter believed, and so did surgeons for half a century after him, that the disease sprang from the same source, and now that seemed to be proved. He cured the gonorrhea, and the syphilis also apparently disappeared. He scoffed at the idea that the terrible scourge could affect any man laterally, but all the time a was eating away his viscera, and the scientific giant, through his heroic experiment, died before his great work was finished.

From earliest times man has known typhus, that fifth and poverty disease that comes like a black phantom overnight and can leave a city with its houses full of death, and the grass coming up between

the stones which paved the streets.

In four years after the Russian Revolution there were seven million cases in the Soviet alone. European immigrants, leaving the golden gates of San Francisco, as they might had the open gates of heaven, brought into the free and weakly land the heritage of their "ancient death."

The poor of America were ravaged by typhus, known as gail fever. Then Rolla E. Dyer, a research scientist of the U.S. Public Health Service, went among them and willfully contracted the disease. His comrades used him as a co-periment-subject while he was recovering.

The convalescent Dyer thought that perhaps body lice might carry the fever. He called for a type that flourished in the slums. He placed them in a pillow, strapped it to his leg, and so was host to the lusty parasites for some weeks. The lice were then permitted to bite healthy monkeys, and the monkeys contracted typhus and died.

The first great blow was delivered to the ancient death.

Perhaps the greatest of the martyrs who gave their lives so that others might live was Captain Charles Martell. This handsome six-footer was a master mariner at 22, shipped transports in the First World War and was recommended for a decoration.

One day Martell found that his collar did not fit. His neck seemed shorter and fatter. A month later, to his horror, he realized that other parts of his body were beginning to shrink, that his chest was beginning to bulge like a pouter pigeon's.

Because of the shooting pain in his bones he was treated for arthritis, and for an heroic year he stayed at sea. In that time he had shrunk a full foot, and his bones were so brittle that they snapped at a slight stumble. Under observation, doctors proved that he was suffering from osteomalacia, which causes the bones to soften.

He was given bone-building diets and medicines, but Martell

went on shrinking, and soon it became obvious that he would die. To the surprise of everyone, instead of resigning himself to a speedy and more or less peaceful end, begged and commanded and forced the surgeons to operate on him, so that the cause of the disease might be found and treated, re-prevented, in others.

For months, this man, sick as he was, went intrepidly again and again into the operating theatre, where all parts of his body were explored by the scalpel. When the despairing surgeons were ready to give up, he threatened to go to another hospital.

Finally, they discovered in his chest a family of glands they had not known existed, the parathyroids. In Martell's case they were afflicted with a tumor which had caused his extraordinary ailment.

But he was by then incurable, and he died at the age of 36, a man who gave away his last days on earth so that medical science might go on to the victory of complete knowledge.





by JEFF MITCHELL

THE man with the ouija board is convinced that on April Fool's Day, 1921, it was a poltergeist ("blustering or noisy ghost") that went by trials, oars, or magic carpet to Guyra, in northwest New South Wales. This belcherous ghost, true to the peculiar manner of his type, merely meant to attach himself to some adolescent and indulge a spot of fun and mischief. He meant no harm. Thousands, including psychic investigators, stand by the man with the ouija board, but there are other thousands who spit a joke at such nonsense. However, the fact remains — something did happen in Guyra 26 years ago which alarmed and terrified the town and excited the whole State.

Guyra is 387 miles north from Sydney: a snow-bound in winter, with crystal air and happy winds in spring and summer. It did not deter the pol-

tergeist, who is a noisy spirit which causes all kinds of disturbance: if anything, it frayed his determination. No reason has been given as to why, when he landed, the mischievous prankster passed up the town's population of a thousand and selected for his victim a member of the Bowen family.

They lived a quarter of a mile out, and were normally preparing for tea when, without warning, the house shook — shook to the accompaniment of tremendous thumping sounds on the walls. There was quietness for a moment, then the heavy bumps continued.

Bowen ran for his rifle. Next moment stones landed on the roof and flew through the windows in a rain of glass.

Young Minnie Bowen rushed out of her bedroom.

"Dad! Mum! Someone threw a stone at my window. It just missed me and fell on the bed."

Bowen rushed outside, his rifle cocked. The stones kept landing, and the house shook. He came back hastily, and for the first time he looked mystified.

He said, "I'm going for the police. Stay inside. Don't go out. Minnie, you look after your mother. I won't be long."

All was normal when the police came, headed by Sergeant Ridge. They looked sceptical.

"Sure you didn't imagine this, Mr. Bowen?"

"No, Sergeant, God's truth, no."

As if to dispel their doubts, the poltergeist obliged again. The police faced outside, found nothing, and came back. It was now apparent to them that a pretty hefty ghost was at work, a ghost that could hurl rocks of three or four pounds in weight, and shake the house to its foundations.

Ridge shot his questions: "Who would want to do this to you?"

Bowen shook his head. Then Minnie came forward. She was twelve, tall, thin, and dark. Her eyes dark and thoughtful had a swift glance that missed nothing. With sober, unsmiling face, she said: "A lot of times a man has chased me in my paddock near the house and he has held stones at me, too."

"What's he look like?"

Minnie described him, and the police, satisfied that they would find him, left. The family settled down, relieved. But not for long. A week went by and the rappings, the noises, and the stone-throwing continued. It was the same the second week, and no clue to the culprit could be found.

Press and rumour had by this time disturbed all of Guyra. Billiard rooms, circles, shopping groups, and hitching rack looters viciously debated their theories. In heated argument, in rough philosophical speculation, in religious analysis, the press and crowd, waving in fierceness and punches and waving in bewilderment and fear.

Men and women, after night fall, all over Guyra, were unashamedly afraid. They slept with loaded guns and revolvers at their sides. Awakened one night by mysterious sounds, Mr. Jim Hago, produce merchant, poked his gun through a window and shot dead the very material ghost of a horse eating his roses. A neighbour, whose husband was in hospital, felt the terror and loneliness of night; her children found the revolver she kept under her pillow, and her little daughter playing wack it, shot herself through the head.

Sooty to eighty volunteers night after night drew a double curtain around the cottage. Some stood close against the walls; others lay down nearby. This seemed to curb the stone-throwing foul of the poltergeist; but, as the man with the ouija board says, waiting, it didn't prevent him from stepping invisibly through the ranks of men who were ready to shoot at anything, and bump the walls and shake the house nightly. With such might, in fact, that the sounds were audible 300 yards away. The most peculiar fact observed by the frightened men—frightened because of their contact with the unknown—was that most of the sounds seemed to be produced inside the house.

LEY LANGTREK was not only one of the present actors of his time, but also an outstanding beauty. Once, in London, she attended a dinner, the guests list of which included a certain Alfred King. The servants, on being introduced to the famous artist, lost interest in the repast immediately, and continued to gaze at Miss Langtrek until, unable to restrain himself, he burst out: "Marian, if heaven had only made you black and fat, you would be irresistible!"

This deepened the mystery, but it also deepened the suspicions of the police and others who felt the Bowers might be responsible. More specifically, they believed Minnie was responsible, and Ridge resolved to test his theory, which was simple.

A constable and others stood outside near the wall while others kept the inmates in the cottage under close watch, the sergeant himself sitting not a yard from Minnie.

Nothing happened. Ridge was beginning to feel triumphant. But the expression left his face and substituted disillusion, disappointment and mystification as the terrific bumps sounded again, shaking the house, while staccos lobbed on the roof and rang out like echoes in the night.

Puzzled, he spent other nights and days in ceaseless but fruitless investigation, he applied himself so thoroughly, in fact, that his health broke under the strain and he had to go away for a rest. He

was convinced the cause was supernatural.

Dr. Harris, who scouted the very suggestion, examined Minnie. "It's someone human, but I can not believe this girl is responsible."

He banded together numerous watchers from well-known townspeople, and holding hands they ringed the house, while once more a number watched the family inside. The attacks, it was shown, followed the girl as she moved from room to room. It was merely proved again that night, and the watchers learned nothing new.

The populace was more baffled than ever. Then, Mr. Davies, spiritualist of Uralla, considered that he could solve the mystery. So it was arranged—On a Wednesday night, while a guard of fifty men picked the outside, the spiritualist, a constable and two of the guard assembled in Minnie's bedroom.

About nine, on the wall just opposite where she was sleeping, a loud knock sounded, followed by two more. The searchlights outside flooded the trees and pickets rushed in while the house shook under the severity of the bumps.

"Answer the knocks and ask a question, Minnie," advised Davies.

Minnie was motionless. She said: "Is that you, May?" and then: "What do you want, May?" She moved over to the wall while the spectators stared in a hush. "Tell mother you're in heaven; you were saved by her prayers, and you'll look after her all her life. All right, May, I'll tell her."

Davies said: "May — that's her half sister. Died at Armidale. It's just as I thought. That spirit

wanted to attract her notice. Now that the contact has been made, the message got through, you may rest assured these appearances will stop."

Those in the room certainly did not hear the spirit side of the dialogue, but they said that Minnie gave every evidence of speaking with serenity, conversing naturally, easily and colloquially.

Guyra beamed in relief, and when nothing happened on Thursday night, peace and admiration were voted everywhere for the great Davies who had solved the riddle.

On Friday morning the entire Bowers family walked a hundred yards from their house into the potato paddock. They spent an hour pitting about twenty bags of potatoes. When they returned, they mopped sweat. All the windows in the front of the house which had been firmly barricaded with wooden shutters and nailed up with bars, were smashed in and the shutters and bars were lying on the verandah.

The police were immediately notified, and people came on horseback, in buggies and cars, and on foot. They searched the countryside, every hollow log, every blackberry bush, every gully and tree, but found nothing.

On May 1 Minnie Bowers went to stay with her grandma, Mrs. Shdson, at Glen Innes. Nine days later the poltergeist had abated, and on Monday, May 10, he was performing all his old tricks on the Church Street residence. The storm that broke the windows were of ordinary white metal, which were plentiful.

Minnie went back to Guyra on the 14th, and there the matter seems to end.

"Did they ever get a solution?" I asked the man with the cups board, Charlie Headley, of Crown Street, Sydney. No — no solution was ever reached.

"And you think it was a poltergeist, do you?"

"Well," and Charlie, "my cousin board says so, and that's good enough for me."





PERSONALLY SPEAKING ☆

BYRON NELSON, the mechanical gaffer, played 24 rounds of competitive golf to average 67.54 for each round. His low scoring brought high earnings, for in the same period he collected nearly 30,000 dollars in prize money. In 1944 he earned 50,000 dollars.

JOHN BROWNLEE, baritone, who was one of Australia's first broadcasting artists, has found world fame abroad. In the U.S.A. he achieved new popularity in the revival of "The Vagabond King" and in Rusten's "Cyrano de Bergerac." He is returning to London's Covent Garden for a further season.

KEN ATTWILL, Melbourne journalist captured by the Japs in 1942, has been released. In 1929 he left Melbourne on the sailing ship "Aethelred Russell" and in London achieved success as a novelist.

HARRY ELLSWORTH BENNETT has a dachshund few can claim: he rode in the funeral train of Abraham Lincoln, and is still alive because he has another distinction few can claim — he is 105 years old, lives in Atlantic City, U.S.A.

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, whose flying fame was overshadowed when he became a notorious U.S. isolationist, has swung completely. He is now advocating that America, having won the war in Europe, should stick to Europe "as a man sticks to his family."

FRAN HIMMELER, wife of the ex-Gestapo diver, shrugged when told that her husband had suicided. In an interview camp in Italy she is still a Nazi, says the war must go on because America and England will never work with Russia — typical of the comments by which Nazis in defeat endeavour to do damage among the Allies.

IVAN SAVELIEFF is a Russian living in the U.S.A., who has done something Stalin himself would never do. Stalin has always refused to be photographed as pointed wearing all his medals. Savelieff has pointed the portrait, adding the medals in their correct order and position, 10 ovals in all.



(As right) All industry is set the grinding of wheels and belching, noisy charnoys. Close to nature, and forever out-of-dawn, Australia's carcase mangle men live in freedom and mark in beauty. Not all of the Fifth Continent is "bed-dest."

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38 CAVALCADE December 1945

Hope For Epileptics

by BETTY YOUNG



The introduction of a new drug
may revolutionize treatment.

MARY looked into Bruce's happy grey eyes and said "Yes!" But as he stooped to kiss her, she felt a cold fear grip her heart. For Mary had a secret. To her, it was a horrible secret, which she felt she could never divulge to her fiancé. At night she stared sleeplessly at the ceiling, worrying. And by worrying, her trouble became worse.

After a short examination, my good doctor could have told the curious details of Mary's secret. "Yes," he would say. "This girl has pettimal epilepsy." He would go on to tell that pettimal epilepsy is a frequent seizure which lasts only a few minutes, but which can be very embarrassing for the victim.

Often, a person suffering from this type of seizure, will stop in the middle of a sentence, stare vacantly, and then go on with what he is saying. Sometimes, however, the attacks become worse and develop into something more serious.

Mary's fiancé often noticed her attacks, but attributed them to vagueness, or dizziness. Some times he would catch her staring into space and say, "Snap out of it, darling." In a few moments she would be back to normal.

Eventually, Mary became extremely unhappy. She felt that her ailment was a crime, and lived in dread of being found out. She was convinced that the disease would affect her married life — perhaps be conveyed to her children. Finally she went to a specialist and told him of the trouble, and he advised her to tell her fiancé immediately.

She did that. Bruce didn't love her any the less. On the contrary, he was eager to do what he could to help her. Soon, her seizures grew less and less, and today Bruce and Mary are happily married.

Because of the mystery and dread which has always surrounded epilepsy, those who suffer from it consider themselves outcasts from

society — they are slow to marry — reluctant to take up a career — nervous when in company. Yet epilepsy is one of the commonest of diseases.

It is not a sign of weak mentality. Some of the greatest men in history suffered from seizures — Julius Caesar, Alfred the Great, Lord Byron, Swift, Goethe, Massonnet, Paganini and Van Gogh, among them.

Sometimes the seizures develop after the victim has had some great emotional or disturbing experience — one reason why doctors think that many returned men may be subject to the disease in post-war years.

With this immediate problem looming, medicine is attempting to brush away the superstition and awe which have always accompanied epilepsy. First they say — get it out of your head that seizures are brought about by immoral living. Some of the most respected and blameless men and women in the world have been sufferers. Convulsions do not shorten life. Epileptics have been known to become over a hundred years old.

Sufferers from epilepsy are classed under three main headings — grandmal, petitmal and psychomotor — grandmal being the most common and, perhaps, the most terrifying physically. A sufferer from a grandmal seizure loses consciousness, tightens his muscles and falls. He may cry out or groan, although when he regains consciousness he has no memory of pain. Finally, to the consternation of the bystander, he twitches violently, but in a few minutes relaxes and usually falls asleep.

The petitmal seizure is shorter and less terrifying — although one out of every three patients with petitmal eventually develops grandmal. The psychomotor seizure causes the victim to suffer loss of memory, or to show brief and unexplained violence.

One doctor tells the story of a man who sought advice concerning the hereditary factor in epilepsy. His wife wanted a family, and although she knew of his trouble, she was willing to bear his children. The doctor told him that the chances of epilepsy being handed down to his children were very small, which later proved to be correct in his case. The same doctor also introduced to the patient a new specific drug called "dilantin sodium" — which is one of the greatest medical discoveries in years.

American institutions have used the drug successfully, reducing the number of seizures from twenty a month to two-and-a-half a month. Some patients are even completely freed from the disease.

Together with the drug treatment go special mental and physical treatments which help the epileptic back to normality.

The diet is varied, although balanced, and it excludes tobacco and alcohol. Plentiful rest is needed, but exercise is beneficial. The patient is kept occupied, although during the sanatorium treatment, he is advised in future years to avoid activities which might harm him physically should he have a seizure.

Finally, patients are encouraged to consider themselves as perfectly healthy, normal human beings —

which they are, apart from their seizures.

From the files of typical cases comes the story of a fourteen-year-old girl, Jean. To all outward appearances, she was normal, healthy and attractive. She was attending high school, and wanted to become a stenographer.

During her fourteenth year, her parents became very disappointed in her behaviour. One evening, after leaving her alone in the house, they returned to find the pictures pulled down from the walls, and some of her best clothes torn to shreds. Their daughter was

lying on her bed in a deep sleep.

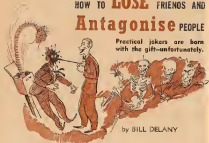
Waking her, they demanded to know the meaning of what she had done, but she denied all knowledge of the destruction. The incident was repeated. Finally, Jean was sent to a psychologist, who reported that the child was suffering from psychomotor seizures, which might eventually develop into grandmal if she were not given immediate medical attention.

Today, Jean is a stenographer—happy and successful, and probably does not realize that thousands of other epileptics like herself are just as happy and successful.



HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS AND Antagonise PEOPLE

Practical jokers are born with the gift—unfortunately.



by BILL DELANY

SHOULD you be unwise enough to accept an invitation to visit the home of Mr. Harry Job, the occasion will be memorable. It will also be educative, exciting, novel, and even entertaining; but unless you are possessed of a Gargantuan appetite for humour and a complete disregard for personal discomfort, it will not be amusing.

Mr. Job is a full-fellow-well-met gentleman who does not stand upon formality. The moment you enter his portals, he will invite you to take off your coat, and even supply you with a coat-hanger on which to put it. Coat-hanging being a simple ceremony, you will be somewhat surprised when the vestment promptly falls to the floor. You will doubtless try again — and the coat will again fall.

And no matter how doggedly you follow the creed laid down

by the famous Robert Bruce, your efforts will avail you nothing, for Mr. Job will eventually explain that the hanger has a hinged arm which drops as soon as it receives your coat, snapping back to normality so quickly that your eye has been deceived.

Life, in the Job manner, never lacks adventure. Having re-donned your coat, you will be courteously conducted to a chair; when you sit down the room will echo and re-echo to the resounding sound of a full-throated Bronx cheer — initiated in the rubber cushion which your host has thoughtfully placed on the chair, and to which device he refers as a Whooper Bag.

A good provider, Mr. Job can be depended on to give you a good dinner. It is doubtful, however, if you will do it justice; your plate,

for instance, will rise and fall before your eyes like a rowing boat in a stormy sea — a phenomenon produced by a "palpitator," a tubed arrangement which runs under the table cloth from Mr. Job's hand on a point immediately beneath the plate. By squeezing a bulb, he is consequently able to produce the most disturbing undulations.

Your fork will double under the instant it makes contact with food, and because it is made of rubber, it is unlikely that your knife will afford much assistance throughout the meal, when you stir your tea, you will find that the stem of the spoon alone returns, the bowl having dissolved in the stirring process — a simple trick which Job says has a strangely unsettling influence upon guests; and, at that, the stirring action has already become unnecessary, for the sugar spoon, accidental though it appears when buried in the sugar, is actually bottomless, so that the attempt to sweeten your tea has become as futile as trying to bail out a boat with a soup strainer.

Despite the shortage of beer, you will be offered a drink, of which, by this time, you will be in dire need. After the first sip, you will unobtrusively raise your serviette to your lips in order to wipe away the dribble of beer that is running down your chin; the dribble-glass, Job reflects, is not new, but remains a reliable source of discretion.

If you are honoured by an invitation to remain overnight, you will be wise to ignore the dummy bed bugs you will inevitably find looking very life-like when you turn down the sheets, and the par-

ticularly loathsome synthetic blow fly which is the centre piece of your morning porridge. For these, too, are merely further manifestations of your host's love of practical joking.

To Job, such activities are not merely a hobby; as Sydney's Will Andrade, *Theatrical Supplier*, is a mad array of gruesome skeletons, skull-grinning masks and other novelties designed to amuse the children. His clients range from professional men to servicemen, with a sprinkling of theatrical personalities who came to purchase his grease-paint: it is 35s. Job's boast that he can conceal the blackness of black eyes — which, all things considered, is a pretty handy attribute for a practical joker to possess.

Practical jokers, he affirms are born. The urge to carry out successful boxing comes early or not at all, and finds its initial expression in the simplest of all jokes, the water-squirting buttonhole. At first, the innocent child is content to use water, but with the growth of ambition, seeks a more specific taster substrate for the innocuous H₂O. Usually, he chooses ink, which is considerably harder to clean off.

Stink bombs are a natural advancement, and the boy, growing to youthhood, finds an outlet for his high spiritedness in the release of substances like itching and inter-

**PLEA BY A
VERY SMALL DOG**

O woodsmen,
Won't you spare that tree,
Or leave, at least,
The stump for me?

ing powders or functions like church socials. Having ran the gamut of mechanical devices, he turns to improvisation.

Himself, Mr. Job likes to venture in shirt-sleeves near a retail store, preferably one which occupies a three corner block. Standing at one end of the building, he produces a ball of string, stands back contemptuously, scribbles a few notes, and requests a bystander to hold one end of the string "until his assistant comes in a few minutes."

Then he walks about 20 yards, and repeats his request to another witness, be a 10-fold repetition of the routine, he says, he has completely isolated one of Sydney's biggest stores. He adds that he has never been able to follow the thing to its conclusion, on the score that he is too busy to spend more than an hour in such frivolous occupation. But, as he points out, in order to relinquish their task, his witnesses have to contact one another, which, taking into consideration the natural reserve of man, takes a little time.

Another bit of jollity in which he delights is to take from his pocket a number of metal slats which, when dropped, give out an amazingly real imitation of the

shattering of plate glass. These he attaches to a piece of string, and takes up a place outside a store with large windows — usually, those of a jeweller. Having dropped them he restores the metal slats to his pocket, and walks quickly away, pausing only for a moment on the other side of the street in order to watch the effect on the store manager and passer-by.

When the gremlin which is the patron saint of practical jokes is in firm communion with him, he loves to take a well-earned and worthy citizen to lunch at a restaurant attached to a cake shop. On arrival there, he asks his friend to wait a moment, turns to the counter and demands a shillings-worth of stale cakes, available at half-price. These secured, he pushes them into the hands of his guest, at the same time saying, with marked condescension, and unnecessary solemnity: "There, old man! No, no, there's no need for thanks — and I hope that things improve for you." He then walks quickly away.

Sometimes he tries of the hustle and bustle of city life and takes a holiday. His main trouble in this regard is that he no longer finds a guest-house which will readily accept his booking for accommodation. This is because, after a few days, he becomes faked by boredom, with the result that he is compelled to pay dues to his sense of humour.

Last holiday he went to Katoomba, where he drew the wardrobe into the centre of his bedroom, climbed upon it, took off his shoes, blacked his feet, and proceeded to plant their imprint on the decorative ceiling.

Having previously declared that he had been awakened by the sound of quiet footsteps at night he had no difficulty in persuading the maid that he had been haunted by a spiritual visitor. The maid left. So did the guests. So did Mr Job — when the policeman found a tin of blacking in his bedroom.

It is his claim that he can decipher any track of pseudo-spiritualism. Indeed, it affords him great pleasure to attend seances with the purpose of exploiting his ability. He explains that when in the cos darkness the spiritualist enjoys the attempt to lay their hands on the shoulders of the neighbours, the latter attaches an imitation arm to the people sitting beside him, those people, having their arm arms in use, feel a weight of whose authenticity they are unable to check. In this way the spiritualist is able to move about with freedom, to lift tables, touch heads and perform the other requisite functions. As the seance progresses, Mr. Job stretches his own fake arm to the shoulders of his neighbours and

enters jocularly into the spirit of the thing. He once abandoned himself so whole heartedly that he tapped the head of the medium. The medium screamed with shock.

Among spiritualists, Mr. Job is regarded as "an unfriendly influence." But because he has plentiful supplies of the gadgets which represent their stock-in-trade, they continue to be his customers. Mr. Job's mission in life has brought him into contact with every well-known magician who has visited Australia. When the Chinese magician, Chang, who was a Scot, sought his assistance in securing props, Mr. Job sold him a pair of canvas cages, essential to the performance of one of the magician's most sensational tricks, for he made them disappear in full view of the audience. After Chang had left the shop, Job discovered that he had left the large and cumbersome cages behind.

So he chased Chang, and loaded one cage over the other, however, had fallen from his hip pocket whilst he was running!



170



Is plague war's inheritable aftermath?
Or, this time, can cure prevent it?

Peace THE KILLER

DESPITE all the marvellous progress of modern medicine, a man in the ignorant centuries could stand up, and pointing a finger to the future say: Look at the Dark Ages. He could say that because pestilence, whether of disease or famine, always follows in the wake of wars, though that does not mean that it takes a war to start an epidemic. He could say that because the aftermath of war is often more terrible and destructive than war itself, and say it even though in his own time the horrors are almost too frightful for description.

It was famine and stubborn enemies that brought the plague to Leyden, that city of Zealand besieged by bloodthirsty Spaniards. Attack after determined attack were repulsed by the Dutch defenders who fought with desperation, with hate, with a ferocity that can be gauged by the deed of

a Zealander who stabbed a Spaniard, ripped his belly open as he lay on the ground and tore out his heart. He hit into it and then crushed it to a dog, saying that it was too bitter. They say the heart, with its teeth marks, was rescued and kept for years as a symbol of that fight for national existence.

The beleaguered were determined to die, to eat their own if need be, rather than give in. In misery and rage they walked the streets, not even able to find the luxury of a rat. Men pushed dirt into their mouths, children ate their excrement.

They had planned on keeping their few cows for milk, but these in turn had to be sacrificed. The famished mobs gathered around the slaughter channel, surging forward as the animal was hauled up, head hanging, its entrails slopping out, and grabbed steaming morsels

born as vials, cramming them in to their mouths.

They lapped up the rich red blood as it trickled over the stones, not even giving it time to congeal. The hides of the cows were hacked into bits and boiled and eaten reliably. Women, children and dogs foraged in the gutters, and scraped in the dung-hills for food. They ate leaves from the trees and roots from the earth.

And then the plague struck. Daily they died in hundreds: dropped dead as they walked, mothers with their infants crushed beneath them. Houses were full of dead families. At the end of a month, when Bonet sailed in with his relieving fleet, the disease had killed six to eight thousand in that city.

The reaction of the Zealanders has little in common with that of the Greeks during the famous plague of Athens. Thucydides says that although everyone knew he was marked for death, he did not care, but joined the throngs celebrating with gaiety and dissolute mirth: the men satyrs, their women harlots; wine flowing in the streets and houses; their philia play being to make the most of life while it lasted. Boccaccio says the same about the plague of Florence.

During the terrible Milan plague of 1630, officials and people alike had the idea that the disease was deliberately spread by foreigners, and any stranger found was imprisoned. It was believed that poisonous ointments had been brought into the country and the contagion was caused by anointing articles with these. When an old man, in a church, dusted the bench with his cloak, a woman exclaimed

that he was anointing it. The congregation attacked the octogenarian, tore his hair out, kicked and punched him and dragged him dying to be handed to the judges.

The mortality went from five hundred people a day to twelve and fifteen hundred. Four thousand infected people were crowded into a barracks of thatched cabins. Two others were begun, but never completed. Criminals added to the terror with their rage and rapine. Assuming power, they entered houses and threatened to carry off uninfected families to the barracks unless they were paid what they demanded. Again, they refused to take dead bodies away unless they were paid their price. They dropped infected clothing from the dead-carts, in order to sustain the pestilence, which greatly enriched them.

Torture, death, terror and wickedness made a Gotevash of Milan. Men, gaily drinking, stopped to haer at a cold shiver attacked them; as their eyes clouded and their strength failed and they fell down swooning. And those who saw the starting eyes of a man, the balls of red in his cheeks, his struggles to breathe, his pallid and emaciated face and drooping lips, rushed pell-mell from him.

And when they came who took him away, they could do nothing except chuck him among the tortured, lewd and hideous wretches who died in delirium in the barracks.

Bodies were thrown from windows to land in the filth-littered streets, and they rotted there till the carts got around to them, its wheels bumping over the strewn

corpses. Beggars, women and children, dragged themselves along, or lay in a heap of rags, hearing only the tinkling funeral bell, and gasping in the deathly hush.

The most terrible aspect of this plague was that no one knew what to do about it, for no one knew what it was that afflicted them.

In the great plague of London 200,000 people fled into the country, and in the city and suburbs 14,000 houses lay empty. The inhabitants had had long warning of this dread calamity, but had done nothing about it. The streets were filled with the dead, their necks and groins swollen; others, unable to bear the agony of the disease, committed suicide by jumping from buildings and hanging themselves. The brave roared like beasts. The dead cart made its rounds, the executioner stripping the

bodies and taking all they could get. Mothers, crazed with grief, destruction and horror, murdered their children. Neurons drove others to lunacy and terrible deeds.

Riots began, to release the plague prisoners from their houses, marked with the tall tale red cross, to which they were condemned by law. While bells tolled for the dead, bands of pigs and water sat fed on corpses lying in the mud of the Thames: naked bodies soaked up by the offends' burst grotesquely, and men vomited with the smell. handbarns went by, their lead marked with the blotches, the blue tinted nails and the blue and white stripes of the disease. Melancholy held sway. This plague killed 69,000 in 1664.

The same, and worse, scenes attended the Black Death, which, habesque in type, was carried by

rats that infested ships trading with the East. Sweeping over Europe for thirteen years, this plague killed in all 60,000,000 persons, 25,000,000 in Europe.

The greatest plague of modern times occurred in 1919, after the World War. Spreading universally, it mocked upon its victims, dropping them in the streets, wiping out whole families. Hundreds of blackened bodies were buried in mass graves. Villages and towns were depopulated. This plague, called Spanish influenza, killed off twice as many as were killed in the Great War—the figure is 26,000,000.

What can the human race expect from the war just ended? Science says there is no need to fear a plague, but warns that diligence and constant control are necessary.

War or no war, medical science is agreed that bacillus pests, the bacteria that cause plague, are all ways with us; and that it can take several forms, by swelling the lymph glands in the groin, by entering the bloodstream, causing septicemic plague, and by riddling the lungs in pneumonic plague.

This last is hard to diagnose, because it resembles so many common respiratory complaints. It does not, however, need rats and fleas to spread it: the breath of an infected person contains millions of the bacteria, which can spread the contagion rapidly and successfully.

There is no cause for alarm, but it is just as well to remember that the black death can happen to us; and it can happen at any time.

The people, as well as science, can do much to prevent it.



ARCHISOLD THE MONUMENT, No. 11

By MOLNAR

Musical Mishaps

by ROLAND FOSTER

An eminent authority shows that the serious profession of music has its lighter aspects.



WHEN first I went s'concerting, many years ago, it was the aim of the impresarios and concert promoters to please the public by giving them what they liked, not what was supposed to be good for them.

Mixed programmes were the rule, and at orchestral concerts such frankly popular compositions as the *Past and Present Overture*, or a *Faust* or *National Melodius* would be found alongside a Beethoven symphony, or a Brahms concerto. Operatic arias and Handel solos were freely introduced and enthusiastically applauded.

Mr. Roland Foster is a well-known teacher of singing at the Sydney Conservatorium. An Englishman, he arrived in Australia over 30 years ago, and stayed to produce many of Australia's most famous artists.

Recitals by a single artist were confined to halls seating a few hundred people, and when famous artists like Patti, Melba or Clara Butt went on tour, they took with them a supporting company of four or five singers and instrumentalists, appearing themselves only a couple of times during the evening. Ballads were included in every programme, and old-time ditties such as *Crown's Tears*, *The Rye* and *Home Sweet Home* made their appearance as encores. On the operatic stage *Martina* and *The Bohemian Girl* still figured prominently, and comic operas such as *Pro Divo*, *The Daughter of the Regiment* and *Don Pasquale* were also in the regular repertoire.

Nowadays the tendency seems to be to banish music of a light or diverting character and deprecate

any suggestion of "entertainment." Concerts and recitals must be severely classical; vocal solos must on no account shroud themselves in symphony concerts, as was the custom in the past, and modern opera is mostly gloom and gore.

Yet laughter, like murder, will out. Even highbrow concerts may give rise to hilarity, and grand opera have its moments of unintentional comedy.

Extensive overdupes has been responsible for many amusing situations, and even an oratorio performance, one of those solemn functions halfway between a religious service and a classical concert, was once the scene of spontaneous merriment on this account. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was being given and the principal tenor was a gentleman whose physical proportions were those of a heavyweight wrestler. Like the village blacksmith in Longfellow's poem, "A mighty man was he" and as the choir provided at rehearsal was incapable of bearing his weight, the local secretary took the precaution of ordering a stronger one for the actual performance. Straight from the workshop it came, spick and span in a new coat of varnish. Between the heat of the hall and the slickness of the varnish, by the time the tenor's first solo came round the choir had adhered so firmly to his clothing that when he rose to sing, the choir followed suit (hut, hut!) and it took the united efforts of the soprano, conductor and first violin to pry it loose. Their exertions, combined with the tenor's struggles to detach himself, naturally caused considerable amusement among the audi-

ence, which increased when, as the choir finally came away, the ripping of cloth was plainly heard. But the climax was yet to come. The ridiculous antics of the singer's opening lines: "Ye people, rend your hearts; rend your hearts; and not your garment," provided the finishing touch and the audience gave way to uncontrollable laughter in which even the performers were compelled to join.

Of an opposite kind was the predicament in which a tenor found himself during the course of an Italian opera season in Dublin. The revival of a long-forgotten opera was proving unexpectedly successful, when the principal tenor was suddenly taken ill and a substitute had to be brought from London. Owing to delays en route he reached Dublin with only an hour to spare, just time enough to have a hurried meal, rush to the theatre, dress, and rehearse with out meeting any of his fellow-artists. The plot of the opera, an antiquated specimen, was based upon that time-worn theme, "The villain still pursued her." Escaping from her enemies, the heroine, after appealing to Heaven for succour, collapsed upon the stage overcome by terror and exhaustion. This was the tenor's cue to rush on, sing a dramatic aria expressing devotion and defiance, and then, lifting her in his arms, carry her off-stage, just before the bold bad baron and his myrmidons entered from the O.P. side.

In London the tenor had had a wiph-like creature for his vis-a-vis, a dainty little piece of goods easily handled. But here in Dublin he found himself confronted with a

different kind of propension, a lady whose amplitude was positively alarming. What was to be done? Bravely he grappled with his problem, but the most he could do was to rub her head and shoulders from the stage. Scrutinizing and perspiring, he was vainly endeavoring to attract the stage-manager's attention, the audience meanwhile enjoying the situation, when a stenorian bellow from the gallery conveyed the helpful suggestion, "Say, mister! Take what you can and come back for the rest." That put the lid on it. Up went a roar of laughter and down came the curtain.

Equally disconcerting was an unrehearsed effect in the opera *Rigoletto*. In this particular production, the final duet between Rigoletto and his dying daughter being omitted, it was the custom to put one of the superni in the sack which the assassin Sparafucile hands over to Rigoletto. But Sparafucile complained that this made the sack too heavy. So to oblige him, the stage manager substituted some straw and a couple of large bladders well inflated to give it bulk. Unfortunately, Rigoletto was not apposed of the change, and at the awful moment when the asquailed father is supposed to discover his daughter's body therein, he threw himself as usual upon the sack, crying out "Gladius!" Whereat the bladders burst with a loud report. The baritone, an excitable Italian, thought someone had tried to shoot him, so up he jumped and rushed out of the theatre, never stopping until he had reached his bedroom and locked himself in.

In days when slurring was undreamed of, singers were accustomed to eat heartily and drink copiously, thus developing expansive bosoms and bulging hips.

A jealous singer, feeling the need of a little nourishment during an evening opera, arranged for a pint of Guinness to be brought to her in the wings just before her big scene. One night the messenger was late and seeing the lady in the centre of the stage, he calmly advanced, and, touching her on the shoulder, said, "Here's yer pint of stout." Gone, alas! was all the dignity of Norma, the Druid Priestess. "Get off the stage, you fool," she hissed furiously. But the damage was done. The spectacle of the scared youth slinking off backwards powder pos in hand, and stopping stout all over the place as he went, sent the audience into an ecstasy of mirth and completely ruined the scene.

Adeline Patin, who refused to appear unless her fee of £1,000 a night had duly been paid in advance, stipulated that on all posters and advertisements her name must be in type half as large again as any other member of the company. And out of her husband's duties was to go round with a foot rule and take careful measurements to make sure that her rights had been duly protected.

Even Melba, during her reign at Covent Garden, when receiving £300 a night, insisted that no other artist should be paid as much as herself. This resulted in the loss of Caruso, who, being refused an increase of £250, took himself off to the Metropolitan, New York, at exactly double that amount.

Spirit of CHRISTMAS



Hayes, in a moment of mood spending, purchased an array of Christmas gifts without giving a great deal of thought as to their practicability and the tastes of the recipient. The results of his (spending) only were, a shot-gun; a bottle of perfume; a dog, fourteen ties; a mouth organ; a book on the sign language; a horse. In addition, he says he arrived home with three elephants²² which, however, had disappeared by morning. He finally decided the destination of the gifts:



The shotgun went to Uncle Joe. A gay old rove, Uncle Joe is very keen on hunting, although to date, his activities have been confined to "holly-hogging" at sight of a pretty girl—and, as he mildly observes, his tally isn't too bad for a man rising 70. Hayes says he is one of the country's best big game hunters.

OVER



The perfume was sent to his mother-in-law. With it, he dispatched a note asking her to be sure to use it; unfortunately, he got her gift mixed up with Uncle Joe's. Uncle gave the perfume a go, and reported fair success with its help. Hayle's mother-in-law used the shotgun, too. ***



The dog went to Hayle's wife. As he quite logically pointed out, the little woman was apt to get lively at night, and the dog would be company for her.



The fourteen ties were distributed amongst his worst enemies; they were the people who had given him the fuel on the previous Christmas.

That, he states, is why they are his worst enemies.



The mouth organ went to his nephew. Hayle had previously made an arrangement with the boy, whereby the latter was to play it as continuously and loudly as he was able, so that his father would eventually give him money not to play it. Proceeds were split on a 90/10 basis. After all, says Hayle, there's no pain in spoiling a kid.

OVER



For Himself: The look on the sign language. A much married man, he says that was the only way he could get a word in at home. And think, he adds, the thing's he's able to say to his wife and get away with it!



Also for himself the horse and the pink elephants. The horse because he declares that one of his earliest ambitions—and it is still with him—was to own a gift horse for looking down the mouth of the elephants because he kept they have been around him for so long, that he couldn't bear to part with them.

"They weren't purchased, really, Heyles having received them the previous Christmas. As he was growing a beard at the time, they weren't necessary.

"They were pink.

"Heyles says the bullet missed him by inches.

Medicine ON THE MARCH



VASECTOMY is an operation by which the tube of a male sex gland is severed, making the man sterile as a birth control measure. Lt.-Comdr. C. S. Cameron, a U.S. Navy surgeon, has successfully reversed the operation to make a 26-year-old sailor fertile. He had had a vasectomy before marriage, but he and his wife now desire children. The Journal of the American Medical Association says that the surgeon's success was "contrary to general lay and medical belief;" the operation consisted of opening and re-joining the ends of the severed tube.

ELABORATE experiments have been carried out by at least three groups of research doctors to ascertain the effects of caffeine on the stomachs of men, and particularly on peptic ulcer patient's. They find that the drug definitely increases stomach acidity; and the strongest of stomach acid was cold black coffee.

CHILDREN of drunken parents do not inherit a weakness for alcohol. A group of such children, average age 32, was tested: they had lived with foster-parents and in institutions in childhood, and 30 per cent were total abstainers; 63 per cent drank sometimes; 7 per cent drank regularly. Of children reared in the homes of drunkards, 20 to 50 per cent were alcoholics—as a result of bad environment, not because they had "tainted blood."

Invald diet traditionally consists of soft foods and liquids. As a result of the highly successful use of sulfa drugs and penicillin, which deal ruthlessly with the germs that invade the body, doctors are giving more attention to other aspects of recovering, and now find that proper feeding, including more solid and nourishing food, will speed the return to health.

Post Mortem

Before you post that letter . . . are you certain you've ensured its delivery?



by D'ARCY NILAND

IT'S a fact — the Sydney Dead Letter Office in Central Square in the year ended June, 1945, returned 638,341 letters and 89,609 circulars. The people who got them weren't exactly lucky. They had the sense to enclose their addresses. But the number that didn't have to take the consequences, the DLO in the same period destroyed 92,385 letters and 98,305 circulars.

All this mail matter had been returned to the DLO because it had been wrongly addressed, and because people had left their place of residence without notifying their change of address. It should be a tenet of every mail sender to include his address inside — that is a safety guarantee. The flimsy package and the lost letter will then most certainly be returned to its sender.

If you are staying at a pub or flat, and decide to leave, it's no use going to the P.O., for it won't take flat or hotel addresses. The point of sending any mail on to you

is left to the landlord, and often, for different reasons, he refuses to have anything to do with it. If you are nice, though, and pay your rent, and leave with a clean book, he should oblige you and the DLO.

Seeing that mail gets to its destination is a job for hundreds of brains and complex machinery. You shove a letter in the G.P.O. slot — one letter. Surely they can take care of that, you think, but, brother, it's this way: that letter of yours is only one of a million and a quarter articles, including newspapers and packets, handled by the G.P.O. daily. If it's a parcel you send, just keep it in mind that the big post office handles over 98 tons of the same to the Railway every day.

Overseer Kellie at the DLO has three examining offices working flat out to open 880 letters a day. Sometimes he has to put on two extra but the average is three. And of that number of letters the service returns about 330 daily. The

rest don't there is a creditable reduction on the most efficient postal service in the world.

In the month of June, 1945, twelve hundred letters were posted without addresses: just blank envelopes.

On the day before the peace holidays some unfortunate sent dressed ducks and fowls to a fond relative. In the succeeding two days when nobody worked, these delectable corpses had become so ripe that the DLO's cleaner had to hold them at arm's length until he reached the incinerator, where everything that is absolutely dead, including letters kept by law for six months, is burned. After the cremation of perishables the DLO always informs the sender that the article had to be destroyed, for obvious reasons.

For the same reason it's no use sending poetry at the weekend-end. The greatest curse of the DLO is mushrooms, which reach all-nice high — literally. When bad, these slappy, yellowed garbages are so whiffy that they should only be approached with gasmasks. And the DLO could scream in the blackberry season. In one day the weight of these wild fruits squeezes the juice out like a machine; it leaks through the cardboard boxes and runs freely through everything, causing extensive damage, for which the sender is liable. That pretty well goes for grapes and strawberries, too.

As for the hundreds of mixed parcels, they should never be sent through the post, especially in cardboard containers. One hard squeeze — and they get plenty — and the lid flies off the syrup, and the jam

carries vomit over everything. Some of these parcels are destined for England and Ireland. They wouldn't stand up to five miles travelling.

Two men at the DLO work all day cleaning and repacking, sending notes to the persons asking them to come and have another shot. Where this is impracticable, the boys go ahead and include an inventory of the things damaged.

Don't mention eggs to a DLO man. He only thinks of them as a mess of yolks. Once, some optimist sent eggs with a cake plated on top of them. The cake reached its destination infinitely richer than when it left home. A soldier sent his girl a couple of ornamental crocodiles in a box meagrely sprinkled with sandalwood. En route one croc shed his tail and the other his head; but just being wonderful, the girl didn't mind, they say.

Pathological specimens sent through the post often have to be patched up and sent on their way. It's okay to send coconuts, too, so long as they have the address and stamp on them. But carve it, don't whitewash it on, otherwise the DLO is liable to give you another coconut six months' residence.

Mr. Kelly, at the DLO, has 75 lockers full of miscellaneous articles waiting to be claimed. Applicants must state where the matter was posted and give a description of the contents. A tragic collection is contained in the fact that the DLO has on hand 300 unclaimed letters from its prisoners of war; many of these have been addressed to wives who obviously do not wish to be traced.

Plenty of people have money to

throw around, too, it seems. Far in the last year the DLO collected \$5,300 from undelivered letters. This money goes into revenue, but it can be applied for and obtained within a twelve months' limit.

The Melbourne office has recently been showered with empty wallets, the cast-offs of pickpockets who found pillar boxes a useful depository for the shell after the essence was extracted. Such an unorthodox bit of mail goes straight to the dead-letter office and if marked is returned to the owner and not the sender. The average number of wallets returned weekly is ten.

From the DLO's viewpoint, women are the chief offenders, as anyone can see who attends the sales held every month. The goods sold are chiefly ladies' handkerchiefs, brooches, lipstick refills, nightgowns, panties, soap, and enough powder for a dozen stage snowstorms. Hundreds of bidders go for these as well as for cigarettes, fountain pens, collections of music, golf balls and shoes.

A thing that tests the ingenuity of the postal officials is the numerous peculiarly addressed letters: this calls for perseverance and detection.

An envelope once marked Elsie Brown, merely adding the detail that she was travelling in France about 1936. That was all, but they found her typing seriously in some Sydney office.

A letter addressed to: Office corner Barrack and York street, Sydney, were correctly to the Lottery Office. Even Mr. Jones, Jnr., Sydney, was found; while, of course, Burke and Wills, Tobacco

Merchants, Sydney, was a cinch. A letter from Greece said: Burgallow One, Pipalilt, N.S.W. It was all Greek to the P.O. men, until they substituted Bungalow Avenue, Pyralite, and found their mark.

This one was set out:

Opium,
Draught Player,
Belmore Park.

That was in 1937, and the old exponent wasn't at his al fresco pastime when the letter was delivered to him. It went to his private residence.

This was a fairly stiff one: The Girl in sheet white coat on 2nd Floor and stairs leading to 3rd Floor—Tuesday before lunch, 51 Cauldrough Street, Sydney. It reached its destination.

Some letters have a photograph on the envelope as the only clue to the addressee, and others go in for details like this: Miss Mary Sagara, 99 or 19 Street off train line on left hand side going from Sydney. The corner of the street is opposite a garage and the cottage stands back in a garden on the left hand side of the street about three doors up. Correct address forgotten. Please deliver.

They found Miss Sagara at Kensington.

This was a bit of a poser: Winemollies Clas Lad, Skins and hides, Sydney. It went to Winchcombe Carson, and that was right.

Another said:

Hop Sing,
to 2 weeks
A little bit strait,
Sydney.

The postman found Mr. Sing at 228 Elizabeth Street





With ten nations represented at the capital, Australia's prestige abroad has increased.

by ANTHONY GUY

CANBERRA'S DIPLOMATS

THE Japanese Minister, immaculately correct in black morning coat and striped pants, marched across the deep white carpet in the flower-decked reception room at Government House, Canberra.

Bowing stiffly to the Governor-General, the Japanese presented the credentials of his office and made a neat little speech about overlying friendship between Australia and Japan.

A Posseman watching the ceremony with his colleagues from the line of gilded chairs at one end of the room made a crack at a house whipper that it was a so-and-so pity the Japanese hadn't tripped over the rumpled end of the thick carpet.

Otherwise it was all very formal — and it was also unique, because the new Japanese Minister, Kawai, had the shortest stay among the Canberra diplomatic colony of

all the other diplomats before or since. It wasn't very long before war came and Kawai got his marching orders.

Japan came very early to Canberra's diplomatic colony. Surve, urbane Kawai, formerly Japanese Foreign Office spokesman, made little impact on the capital. He was friendly, but hard to get close to. He was disturbingly alert in his assessment of Australian affairs, and newsmen who heard his halting English wondered whether this was a pose, because he could understand the most difficult and searching questions and parry them with masterly ease.

In these days of uneasy Pacific peace, nobody knew just how to take the Japanese diplomats. One of Kawai's staff spent a lot of time in Canberra's Press Gallery, and it was rumored afterwards that a dossier of unsympathetic Possemen

had been dispatched to Tokyo.

Kawai's departure left, for a little while, Nelson T. Johnson, the American Minister, the only foreign diplomat in Canberra. Nelson Johnson came to Canberra in 1940 as the first foreign representative with the status of Minister. He brought with him from China a wide-brimmed sombrero, a wood-burning stove which became the rage in Canberra, and an astuteness which gave him remarkable success as a diplomat.

Riding his bicycle around Canberra's leafy avenues, the short, fat, bewsy diplomat in the wide-brimmed hat made friends with everybody in a simple good-natured way that presented a new brand of diplomacy, easier to understand than that of formal protocol.

Johnson was a warm friend and staunch admirer of the late John Curtin, and the formal discussions between these two did a lot for this country in the bad days of the Pacific war.

Although ten Dominions and foreign countries are now represented in Canberra, the United States is the only nation which possesses its own legation. One blustery winter morning, three years ago, as sleek whipped downs from the snow-covered Alps, Nelson Johnson laid the foundation stone of the legation — laid it three times, in fact, for the benefit of photographers who wanted to get some good shots for the records.

Today the legation, a big Georgian mansion and the most expensive house in all Canberra, stands alone among the forest acres on the Capital's highest hill.

There's never a dull moment in Canberra's diplomatic colony. It's a happy, friendly colony which has enhanced Canberra's international status; at the same time it has increased the Capital's social consciousness and added enormously to its fantastic housing shortage. There are today more than 100 officials of other governments in Canberra.

From the time early in Canberra's history, when some practical joker stole the ornate brass plate from the office of the United Kingdom High Commissioner, something unusual is always happening in diplomatic circles.

Canberra people no longer gape at the national garb of the Chinese or the Indians when they go shopping. There was a time when the distinctive DC numbers on the diplomatic motor cars were a novelty, but Canberra has got used to them.

It remained for the Russians, however, to take diplomatic formality a step further than the others. Now at official functions all the Russians wear full-dress diplomatic uniforms complete with sword!

The advent of the Russian diplomatic contingent a couple of years ago was a nine days' wonder. More than 60 people, including officials, stenographers, domestics, and all their wives and children moved into the Hotel Canberra. The size of the contingent was unexpectedly large and their accommodation presented many problems. It was a long time before houses were found for everybody.

Searching for a legation, the Russians found a boarding-house

far from fashionable Maggia Was where most of the other diplomats live. The Department of the Interior, landlord for all Canberra, tried to dissuade the Russians from buying the boarding-house. The Department thought it was out of the main stream and, in any case, it preferred the Russians to have legation closer to the officially prescribed diplomatic area.

The Russians were adamant. They bought the boarding house and today the sitting room is the legation reception room with a bust of Stalin above the fireplace.

Everybody liked the Russians from the start. They moved well, if a little awkwardly at the beginning, and they set new high standards for lavish entertainment. A good time is always had by all at Soviet legation receptions. There is complete friendliness and lack of formality, and a hospitality that needs strength and will-power to survive.

Ticklish questions of diplomatic procedure sometimes arise in Canberra, but generally there is a free and easy approach between the diplomats and official Canberra which might hardly the salon diplomats of other capitals, but which strikes just the right note for Australians. It is not uncommon to see highly placed foreign diplomats conveying messages from their government to Ministers in the House dressed in sports clothes.

Decorative representation in Canberra has always been of a very high standard. The contribution of Canada and New Zealand to the Capital's diplomats has been singularly successful.

Not so long ago the flag of the United States, flying above the chamber, was such a novelty that people took pictures of it. Today, if you drive around Canberra you'll see the flags of all the Allies.

Most embarrassing moment in the life of Parliament House of ficale was when it was found, a few years ago that Parliament House did not possess a Soviet flag to fly for a celebration specially designated by the Government in honour of Russia. Honour was saved by a rushed order executed by a Sydney flag-making firm.

Most of the diplomats come to Canberra expecting to be irked by the Capital's remoteness. All of them remain to enjoy their life in Canberra so much that they invariably seek an extension of their term of service.

The diplomats brought to Canberra all the preferences of the diplomatic capitals of the world without the stuffy formalism usually inseparable from diplomacy. They've helped Australia to appreciate her contacts with the rest of the world and they've helped to make Canberra something more than a quiet country backwater where Parliament sometimes meet.



Folly to be Wise

A Brooklyn addie was on his knees in the American backwoods. With a life time on his hands, he wandered into the scrub, and after a short time returned with a handful of rainwater rather.

"Where is the world did you get that?" asked a comrade. The boy from Brooklyn beamed broadly, and said: "OPE in a rain."

and to Miss Gloria Constance I hereby request all my cheque bills for years ending 1944, 1945

CULT of the YOGI



Yoga combines physical culture, philosophy, sorcery — and, some say, sheer baloney.

On the other hand, though Lord Kitchener would sit for hours with his eyes fixed on the tip of his nose, he took a dim view of peering his military boot soles at the zenith.

Yoga affects people different ways.

You have the potty apostle of Western Yoga, Annie Besant, exhibiting a device she got when flitting about in her navel body. Also publishing books which contain such statements as: "The Self stands Self-conscious and Self-deceived. He appropriates matter. He takes to himself an atom of the atomic plane and incorporates his will, and that becomes stinc."

You also have Nara Singh, of Benares, before the goggling eyes of the Medical Faculty, Calcutta University, pouring hydrochloric acid into his palm, and licking it off. He then took a cluster of sulphuric acid, and eagerly reached for the potassium cyanide, but the doctors couldn't bear it any longer. Disappointed, Nara Singh ate four teen one-inch pills and chewed up eight square inches of glass. An

X-ray photograph showed the pills strong easily in his stomach.

Obviously there is something in Yoga, which is a combination of a 2,000-year-old system of physical culture, a highly evolved philosophy, superstition, sorcery, and some good home-made baloney.

Let us have another look at Nara Singh. He was one of the poison-eating Yogis. Some of these swallow live cobras; others toss off enough strychnine to kill an elephant. In the University's report on Nara Singh, some interesting points may be noted. He had put in a lot of rehearsing for his poison eating.

Starting with a minute quantity, and working up to the incredible amount of 2½ grains per day he had been taking arsenic over a period of twelve years. This was also a practice of barons in the Middle Ages, who were quite aware that their secret and dearest might at any moment slip a slug of arsenic into the not known ale. Nara Singh also smoked a mixture of arsenic and hashish, and before each performance drank a whole bottle of native alcohol. All this might render certain poisons innocuous, but does not explain how he could touch the tissue destroying acid with hand and tongue. Nara Singh became too self-confident, neglected his Yoga exercises, left off the arsenic pack-me-up, and died of a severe heart attack after a dose of potassium cyanide, followed by a double header of strychnine.

The whole point of Yoga physical culture seems to be this: to get the body into such condition that the minimum of energy is required for bodily processes. The surplus

can then be directed to the mind. Genuine yogis, distinct from the dirty, wretched charlatans who are parasites upon the credulous poor in Asia, and the credulous rich in Europe, have astounding mental powers. They correspond to the mystics and adepts of ancient. The most famous of all was the Silent One, who sat on a little platform in Benares until 1930.

There are many photographs of this bald, benevolent-eyed old man who had the reputation of being 300 years old. Before you laugh...

British residents, whose great-grandparents lived in the city long before the Mutiny, have family recollections of the old man. He also showed sure and certain knowledge, in detail, of events fully two centuries earlier. The Silent One had taken a vow never to speak, and only once did he break it. An elderly woman went to him, prostrating herself with uncontrollable grief in the dust. Her only son was dead; she was a widow. Was there nothing the holy one could do? The Yogi uncoiled his legs and descended from his platform. The whole city was electric with the news, and a huge crowd, whispering and trembling with awe, followed him to the burning ghats, where the boy's naked body lay on a bier. The Yogi took his cold hand, blew three times into his nostrils, and cried in a loud voice: "Arise and walk." And the man arose. You've heard that story before? Exactly. It is also the story of Christ and the Widow of Naim.

Curious sequel: The Yogi returned to his platform; next morning he was found dead. Did he give a life for a life?

Mr. J. W. FLETCHER of Cambridge, N.E.W., doesn't need pills, powders or patent medicines. He likes, instead, to spend his early morning standing on his head.

Friends of Lawrence Tibbett also frequently find the great singer comfortably propped against a wall, with his moustache a few inches from the carpet.

A middle-aged gentleman of Leikhardt, Mr. Joe Merritt, finds relaxation in squatting on the floor, and drawing in his abdominal muscles until he looks like something on an 18-day diet, at the same time making his breath with an audible squeak. Mr. Merritt is a removalist, and juggles ward-robies with uneasy ease.

There was also Tibern Babe, a mischievous old customer, who could produce perfumes at will, and would embarrass male valeters by embuing their clothing with an overpowering scent of violets. He could also do the apparently impossible — sell dirty mercury. Several Calcutta residents possess solid balls of mercury, like billiard balls.

These, and others like them, are the few genuine yogis. The others are merely loafers with imaginations. Witness the handsome young "sadhu" who sat immobile, his eyeballs rolled back, and a siletto through his throat. Many the hard-earned pie that rattled in his begging dish. He had taken a thin circle of metal, then, snapping a dagger in half, soldered the hilt to one side, the point to the other. When the circle was around his throat, the result was nauseatingly realistic. And the other holy man, seated on a bed of four inch nails, and uttering the magic syllable "Om" at regular intervals. What the poor faithful did not notice was that, on the principle of the small boy with the stones in his pants, the yogi had protected his person with a plate of thin metal, indented so as to receive most realistically the points of the nails.

Even as Christianity has produced its ascithous, seceery, so has this philosophy. Digressing even in the East, where life begins in corruption and decay as well as ends in it, strange yogis exist... people whose rites embrace the destruction of the mind, and nightmarish sex practices.

In America one may become a yogi by correspondence — twenty five dollars for ten easy lessons.

The master is Yogavanda, whose sultry and turbaned face may be seen in the advertising columns of magazines. Yogavanda is so nervous for disciples — or teachers — that he will reduce his prices, to almost nothing, if you are reluctant to take the course. Luckier Yogavanda! He drove his car from San Francisco to Los Angeles on psychic power. That was before the petrol ration days. Now his psychic power seems rationed, too.

Yogis say that standing on the head improves the functioning of the pituitary gland, and the digestion. Mr. Fletcher and Lawrence Tibbett say it prevents colds. It should not be done for any longer than ten minutes as by then the experiment begins to see visions — or double.

Advanced Yogis can tuck their legs around their necks, and therefore are mammals fit travelling in crowded trains.

There is no doubt that these holy men knew all about the salivary plexus long before European phonologists did. Perhaps there is something in them belied that the kundalini, or "sleeping serpent", which lies coiled at the base of the spine is the source of all energy. Physicians think that the kundalini is the vagus nerve, the control of which can produce death or simulate it. By this is explained the ability of many natives to lie down and die at will, and also the self-induced collapse of misters.

Pending discovery of an easier method of controlling this nerve, Mr. Fletcher goes on reversing his stance, and Mr. Morris continues to convert his abdomen into a bellows.



"Mind if I rest a while?"

TOMORROW'S WORLD

EVEN the home gardener can look forward to Tomorrow's World with new zest, for at Cornell University, U.S.A., scientists are endeavoring to speed up the germination rate of seeds.

On the subject, *Science Digest* says:

"The scientists have discovered an inhibitor in the storage tissues of seed — which causes dormancy or a rest period. By cutting the embryo, and separating the tissues of a seed, they have been able to do strange things.

"With this method, they have cut the breeding cycle of fish, for example, from two or three years to one year. Cabbages have had a long dormant period after harvest. When dried and allowed to remain around a few months, they would germinate earlier, but too late for next year's crop.

"The 'embryo culture technique' was applied, and an inhibitor found in the seed coats. Killing the seed coat removed the inhibitor, and good germination resulted.

"The research men have already eliminated the dormancy period in cabbages, fish, white ash, and black ash, and have obtained rapid germination of the yew, an

ornamental shrub with a long rest period.

"About 5,000 embryos in various stages are being studied. Before an embryo is cut, the door to the laboratory is locked, and the whole room sprayed with a dilute carbolic acid solution to kill germs in the air and to clear the atmosphere.

"This prevents contamination of the embryo, which may then be given light or darkness treatments, fed vitamins, regulated with acidity, or otherwise handled to learn its reactions."

So that, in Tomorrow's World, it may indeed be a case of sowing the seed and jumping aside —

For Mother, the giant spectre of wet washdays has been exorcised by the introduction of a machine which takes the washing and dries it within a few minutes. Electrically driven, the machine is a revolving metal tub in which hot air circulates.

An automatic thermostat, reacting to heat, shuts off the current of hot air when the clothes are dry. The action of the machine is gentle, and the laundry emerges

without wrinkles, so that ironing is often unnecessary.

"Due for warm thanks is the Boston inventor who has produced an electrically-heated overcoat. However, to enjoy the comfort, it is necessary to carry a portable battery, from which leads are run up the sleeve to heating wires distributed through the coat. Heat can be regulated, but, of course when the battery is placed on the ground, the connection is broken.

Plastic haircream has been developed which the owner can easily lay without professional assistance. It is cleaned simply by regular swiping with a damp cloth, washing periodically with warm water and soap, and by applying a liquid self-polishing wax every three months.

Sure of a good welcome from short-skirted husbands is the window which automatically closes when it rains. Designed along lines similar to landing gear on planes, the device which causes the

window to close possesses a switch which goes into action when urged by an abundance of moisture.

Now, here is something, provided you happen to be male and more than 14 years of age: a side-viewer device invented by an American, has a magnifying lens just behind the cutting head. Positioned so as to give the shaver an enlarged view of that portion of his face which is receiving attention, the magnifier is of plastic

Acceptable to writers who sell their creations as wordage — and, incidentally, welcomed by editors who sometimes have to do the additions for some authors — is the counting pencil; at the end of each word, the writer merely tilts the pencil to a right angle with the paper, and pushes down the point. At the top of the pencil is a device similar to that which registers the mileage of a car, showing the number of words written. The pencil counts up to 999, then reverts to nought and repeats the process.

Passing Sentences

It is still true that where there's no smoke there's no fire.

The wealthy man is one who just keeps pounding away at the job.

As the traffic cop said, "The wheels will turn—when I give the signal."

And then a parasite might be described as a man who walks through a revolving door without doing his share of the pushing.

The modern girl likes her men to be healthy, wealthy and wise cracking.

Auntie asked: "What will you do when you grow up to be a big lady like me?" and the wise child answered, "Diet."

Many a man who expects too much of marriage gets — too much.

Many a woman is glad to forgive and forget — but she is hardly ever able to forget that she forgave.

When a golfer tells us he isn't playing his usual game today he usually leaves us wondering what his usual game is.

The classics are works which everybody praises and nobody reads.

It is the girl with the dreamy eyes who is always wide awake.

A friend in need is usually a friend — in need.

It's a small world after all it can get.

Then there's the Yank who told his son what he did in the Great War—and was asked, then why were all the other soldiers wanted?

Then we knew the girl who was sweet enough to eat — and boy, could she eat!



Plan for

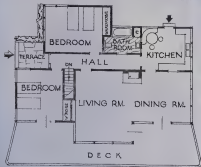
THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 11)

PREPARED BY N. HATSON SHARP, ARAIA.

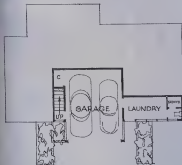
For the pleasant suggestion of the series, CAVALCADE which is a small one-story home to be built on a sloping piece of ground. The house is placed across the site and so arranged that the eaves of the front porch to front is about equal to a story in height. By this means use can be made of the high foundations, and a garage and laundry can be fitted in with very little excavation. This is the most economical way to use such a site.

As sloping land invariably commands a view, the three main rooms have been placed looking out over the slope. All three open on to a long deck, cantilevered out over the basement rooms. Glass walls to the living room, dining room and bedroom make the outlook available even when the weather prevents the use of the deck. Kitchen and bathroom are shown fitted up in the most modern manner, whilst there are built-in wardrobes to the bedrooms.

With the minimum-sized joists, inexpensive fittings and an average finish, it may be possible to build this home in timber frame with weatherboard sheathing for £1,200, in the cheaper building districts.



MAIN FLOOR



LOWER FLOOR

Planning

THE HOME OF TODAY

by W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

HOUSING is the number one job in the programme of rehabilitation and post-war reconstruction. The urgent need is to get them up, as many as possible and as quickly as possible. That is the obvious solution to the problem that building restrictions during the war years have created. But it is not enough for a lot of people who are sufficiently discerning to want something better than passed in pre-war years and something different from the mass-produced products of gigantic housing schemes.

For these people there will be a little longer wait, but it will be a wait well rewarded. For many factors and designers will have much to offer the individual when there is time to pause for breath.

The basis of all good housing is the plan, and it is there that one must look for the first indications of more logical thinking. Experiments made by the mass housing programmes should lead to economies in room arrangements, and when these are applied to the modern logical approach, something worthwhile in the individual home will be evolved. Already rooms are being given new significance in the scheme of living. Some that were considered essential a generation ago are discarded entirely now and the importance of others has been

greatly increased. Flexible walls that will allow greater freedom in planning and in re-arranging after occupation, are one of the most desirable and most likely new developments.

Walls will be far more useful than they were before. Wall planning will become just as important as floor planning, for everyone realises now that a wall can be used to accommodate what once was stored in a collection of odd-sized pieces of furniture. Walls are more than slabs in which to stick windows and doors. They can house almost all household effects and leave the floor space clear for the real business of living.

There will naturally be a great increase in the number and variety of labour-saving devices and gadgets offering. As before, some of them will be too expensive, some will take more labour to keep in order than they save in operation, but a large percentage will be an important contribution to modern living. One thing is certain, better homes will do much to ensure a better world.

Wall planning has already become a feature of the kitchen in homes built in the pre-war years. Modern kitchens will be a further step forward in their 1940 counterparts, and this improved planning technique will extend into the other rooms.



THE DEEP BLUE CORK TILE FLOOR of this living room emphasises pale blue walls, multi-pane ceiling and stone carpet. Natural wood cupboards around the fireplace add to the feeling of home, while burgundy couch, paintings and mid-blue chair bring extra colour.



Ideas **FOR THE HOME OF TODAY**

The family fireside takes on a new appearance in this marbled panel against a plain wall background. Bookcases and plan-to-the-point-of-severe reading lamps are in keeping with the low easy chairs. Gay stripes on the chairs emphasize the plain floor covering and simplicity of the room.



Ideas for the air-minded? Model planes are used instead of pictures for a wall decoration. Wide windows, framed with hand-woven Guatemalan fabric combined with net. Unit cupboards grouped together make a long shelf for unusual lamps and pottery beside comfortably easy chairs. And the carpet is of Mexican origin.



Short of space in your home? Try using four chairs, covered with gay prints, as the dinette. Set back against the wall when not in use, they make a wall bench which carries out the dual function of decoration and a place to lounge.



Old and new happily wedded in a study corner. The wallpaper and braided rugs are blue and white. The furniture is sectional with no crevices to hold dust. Smooth finish for easy cleaning. Plenty of book shelves—and a desk lamp giving light where it's needed.



Bridge address please note! These chairs possess a new role in design, upholstery and finish. Plain walls and carpet make a pleasant setting for the corner chiffer. It's splendid, too, for afternoon tea service, if you're not interested in cards.

Wouldn't It!



New talent is missing
factured from chicken
on feathers.—*Learning
the chickens
without a feather to
fly with.*

Women drinkers in
London aggravate
beer shortage.—*Did
the beer isn't the
only aggravated
party, either.*

Lili Mailene sings for Allies over Hamburg Radio.—*From her photo,
she ought to stay in the limelight and avoid daylight.*

Old age pensioner of 80 refused new set of teeth because of his age.—
Something for him to chew over.

N.E.W. miners went on strike because bathwater was too hot.—*So was
their escape.*

Irish anthropologist considers brunettes better endowed than blondes.—
There's that colour prejudice again.

Officers to have own clubs in Red Army.—*Ours prefer monger sticks.
Woodworth helps Barbara Hutton's divorce lasted four minutes.—
Surely this refers to her marriage?*

Bookeller Henry Roberts claims to be reincarnation of ancient prophet
Nostradamus.—*Must take him to the races next Saturday.*

Kentucky "hillbilly" finds out about war when it was all over.—*If back
war?*

Planes travelling at 1,500 miles per hour predicted in future.—*But we
don't have to travel that far to work.*

Henry Kaiser plans big changes in car design.—*Ours will still be the
graze and cream train.*

Twice as much living space in god than in private homes, say Health
Inspector.—*But not so much fun.*

Classified ad: Flat or house required by quiet couple with communis-
tish ideas.—*Gia, whisky, brandy or rum?*

Easy chairs not so hard to get now.—*That's good news for the arm-
chair critics.*



PIANISSIMO PLEASE!



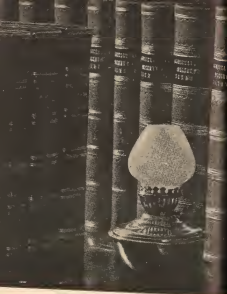
... OR THE NEIGHBOURS WILL HEAR YOU.



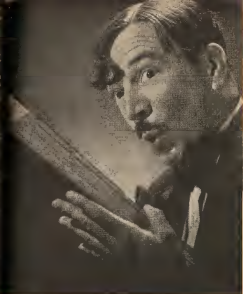
PARDON THE SUGGESTION



BUT ISN'T THAT MY MILK?



EVEN THE DULLEST BOOK . . .



SOMETIMES PACKS SOME SPICE.

**PANDER TO YOUR PALATE
WITH MYNOR FRUIT CUP!**



MADE FROM THE JUICES OF FRESH ORANGES,
LEMONS, PINEAPPLE AND PASSIONFRUIT

Drink your health - Drink

**MYNOR
FRUIT CUP**

Cavalcade's FICTION SECTION



Remember Me?

One of fame's penalties is that every one knows you. So you must know them, too.

by MARIEN DREYER

THE theatre was eagerly still, with the audience leaning forward tensely, concentrating on the little square of lighted room that was the stage. Two figures moved around in that lighted room speaking softly — intensely — but not so softly that the people in the back row of the circle couldn't hear.

Lines that they had spoken

countless times became spontaneous remarks. Little bits of business over books — carefully and painstakingly rehearsed — became easy naturalness. The snow falling outside the window of the stage room did not seem any the less remarkable, because of the heat of the theatre, and the fact that outside, a warm nor-easter made walking uncomfortable.

Down came the curtain, sighing softly in time with the music, cutting off the noise of clapping hands, and seating up and down half a dozen times before the two people on the stage, until the solitary pianist crept out to the grand piano and played the National Anthem.

Then they knew it was over, and surged out into the warm, wind-swept streets, still enchanted, but with the curiously surprised feeling of spending the afternoon in darkness and coming back to sudden sunlight.

Linnie Ransome, freed from the split of Angela until the evening performance, fanned herself with both hands as she scuffed through the torn up paper in the wings. The corridor leading to her dressing room was cool, in spite of its smell. It was always the same smell — stale perfume and ghosts of flowers, cigarettes and people, dust and cats. The smell was always there, only sometimes stronger than others.

The dressing rooms were small and stuffy. A small fan, buzzing in the corner, lifted the air mechanically without cooling the room, because the lights clustered around this mirrored wall kept the room hot.

Linnie folded limply on to a chair, holding up first one foot and then the other, until her dresser took off the small, high-heeled sun dabs, and then standing up until she was unhooked and undressed down to a small brassiere and brief and nightg.

Her black hair was soft with brilliance, and the sweat on her scalp made it shiny, so that she

thrust in the fingers of one hand and rubbed her head without disarranging the sculptured curls. Underneath her blue eyelids, false eyelashes swung out like swamps. Sweat beaded her heavy make up and dripped down on her thighs.

Dina knocked lightly on the door.

"Are you decent, darling? May I come in?"

Linnie's face, momentarily relaxed, took on the brightness of Angela.

"Of course. How nice to see you. Were you in front? Of course you were. I heard you laugh. I'd know your laugh anywhere, darling."

Dina shut the door after she came in, and slumped down in a chair in the corner.

Linnie, pulling off the false eye lashes, rolled them around a thin glass tube with tissue paper.

"Keeps them curled," she explained to Dina, watching avidly.

"They look like caterpillar skins — I've always wanted some," said Dina. "It's lovely to see you again. Remember when we were at school? You were always going to be a great actress. You are. I'm so proud of you."

Linnie slapped cold cream on her face viciously, and wiped Angela on to soft sheets of tissue, flushing the little glossy winks into a box as she made clean paths in the mask of grease.

"Thanks. What about you? What did you do?"

"Get married. Had a family. Linnie — didn't you get married?"

"No. Meant to . . ." she said, in distinctly, wiping off lipstick. "he got lost at sea." She washed her

face at the basin in the corner. "Don't talk about me. Tell me — what's happened to everyone. It's awful. I seem to have forgotten all the people I knew. People bound up and claim me as a long lost friend. If I don't remember them, I'm snooty. So I go on remembering people I've never met, so far as I know."

"You remembered me," said Dina.

"Of course, darling. You sent me cards and things at birthdays, damn you. I didn't forget you."

"Darling, are you coming?" called Nancy Langley — still using the high voice of Miss.

"No — I'm going to have a sleep. I'll get a tray sent in."

"Sure, darling?"

"Yes. See you later."

The footstep patterned off into silence.

"Want me to go?" asked Dina.

"No — stay and talk to me. Tell me all the gossip. I'm out of touch. All the people I know are dead, or away, or married."

Dina launched out on a recital of what had happened to who and when.

Someone knocked on the door, opened it a sliver and a mulberry-uniformed man with much gold braid waved a card around.

"This gentleman would like to see, Miss Ransome," said the concubinaire.

"Mr. Watson?" said Linnie, peering vaguely at the card.

"Said he knew you overseas."

Dina asked her cigarette in the squashed tobacco tin upstairs, but Linnie waved her back into the chair.

"Bring him up," she called to

agreedly. "Don't you go, darling."

He was tall and well fed — eminently a successful man.

"Hello," called Linnie, happily. "This is a surprise."

He smiled widely. "I thought you'd remember me," he said, grasping her hand and shaking it enthusiastically, looking speculatively at Dina.

"Darling," said Linnie, brightly, "meet Mr. Watson, Norman Watson, isn't it? Mrs. — darling, what is your married name?"

"Savage," supplied Dina.

"Savage," introduced Linnie. "We went to school together, and we've been having a good old girls' gossip."

"I can't stay for long," promised Mr. Watson. "I had to come around and see you. Mind, I wasn't sure if you'd remember me. You actresses are always meeting people."

"Of course I remembered you," Linnie assured him. "You didn't really think I'd forget you, did you?"

"I should hope not. Remember the night you opened in New York At the Golden? Mrs. — err — I was proud to think she was an Australian."

Linnie wished quickly at Dina. "I wish I could have been there," said Dina.

"So do I, darling," said Linnie. "It was such a marvellous night. I was never so excited in all my life. Crowds of perfect strangers, all of them trying to tell me who was who, and how they liked the show."

"And then," said Mr. Watson, eminently, "we went on to the

St. Regis Somebody was giving a party in your honour."

Linnie closed her eyes and sighed, ecstatically.

"Wasn't it marvellous?"

"You with all your flowers..."

"Such masses of them, Dina..."

"People rushing up to say nice things to you..."

"Photographers..."

"I looked awful, too, didn't I?"

Mr. Watson stopped in the middle of his staccato reminiscences, and looked startled.

"You did not," he declared, emphatically. "Why, you looked magnificent. And do you know, Mrs. — er — this child..." he looked paternally at Linnie, "... she wouldn't drink. She insisted on having a huge glass of milk."

"She never did drink," said Dina, in a small, stifled voice.

"And she cried, just like a baby," added Mr. Watson. "Real tears, too. All the black from her eyelashes ran down her cheeks."

"And I was photographed like that," said Linnie, merrily, to Dina.

"So, when I went to London about six months later, there you were again," said Mr. Watson, intent on tracking down the last stray memory and docketing it. "You didn't tell me you were going. Naughty girl! We could have travelled over together."

Dina could see the mental sledge Linnie got in the ribs, although Mr. Watson was squatting uncomfortably on the low couch and Linnie was half turned away from the mirror, but still decoratively posed on the head chair.

"It was all so sudden," protested Linnie. "I didn't know I

was going until the last moment."

"I forgave you for that," said Mr. Watson, nably. "I told you, didn't I? We had such good fun in London that I could forgive you anything."

"It was marvellous," said Linnie, brightly.

"Remember the night we were out to a party?" He leered over at Linnie. "You didn't drink milk that night. No, indeed. You said..." he guffawed mightily "... you were tired of behaving like a lady—you wanted to let go. And you did. I'm tired of being a lady. I'm going to be myself — just for tonight! That's what you said."

"I did not," protested Linnie.

"You just made that up."

"Oh, yes, you did," insisted Mr. Watson. "And you kept your word, too."

"Some of my wicked past," said Linnie. "Dina, you oughtn't to listen to this."

"You weren't so bad," admitted Mr. Watson. "Mind, you did kick your shoes off and dance in your bare feet."

"Oh," said Linnie. "I've often done that. I stand on my partner's shoes. They never guessed."

"What a time we had," sighed Mr. Watson. "You insisted on drinking champagne. Gallons of it."

Linnie smiled artlessly at him. "What happened to you after that night?"

"I got a cable next morning to catch the first available boat back home — and do you know, I just managed to get one that day. And I often wondered what happened to you. So when I saw you'd come back, I said to my wife — remem-

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and WAR

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ber her? — well, I said, "Way, I knew that girl in N'York and London. I must look her up."

"And you did look me up," said Linnie, standing up and holding her wrap around her very firmly. "It was so nice of you to come around."

"My wife's waiting outside in the car," said Mr. Watson. "We came this afternoon, and we both thought you were marvellous. Never seen anything like it for years."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Linnie.

"I do," and Mr. Watson, "We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves."

"I'm so glad," Dina thought that Linnie overdid that a bit, making it seem that Mr. Watson's opinion was the one thing she needed. "I do like to know what people think of my work."

"Magnificent, my dear girl," boasted Mr. Watson. "Magnificent."

"It was so nice of you to come and tell me," said Linnie, walking to the door.

Mr. Watson sat firmly on the couch.

"My wife thought you'd like to come and have some dinner with us one night," he suggested.

"Why, that would be marvellous," said Linnie, eagerly.

"We could have a really good talk about old times," said Mr. Watson.

"Of course."

"That's fine. You were a little devil, you know."

Dina felt again the mental dig in the ribs that Linnie was getting.

Mr. Watson gathered up his hat, leaved his bulk from the

couch, shook Linnie's hand tenderly and lingeringly, and let go only to turn to Dina.

"Good-bye, Mrs. err . . ."

"Goodbye," said Dina.

"It's been lovely seeing you," said Linnie, opening the door with out undue haste.

Mr. Watson walked in to the corridor, and then turned back.

"I'll be out of town for a week or so," he said. "Suppose I come up and see you when I get back. We can fix up a time then for our dinner."

"Of course," said Linnie, cheerfully. "Do that, will you? So nice to see you again."

"Good-bye," said Mr. Watson. Linnie watched out through the door to see that he did, this time, go down to the end of the corridor and down the stairs. Then she closed the door, came back to the dressing table.

"You must have had a lively time in London," and Dina, lighting another cigarette.

"Mum," said Linnie, thoughtfully.

"Since when did you drink gallons of champagne?"

"I didn't."

"Not with your dear Mr. Watson?"

Linnie took the card into small pieces, and dropped them in the waste paper basket.

"I never saw him in my life before. I don't remember ever seeing him in New York or London."

"Huh?"

"I don't remember him. But, if I don't remember people, they get annoyed. Now, darling, what were you telling me about Alan and Vera . . .?"

Do you see Little Robert?

No . . . I see a brilliant young Naval Officer



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FOUL WITH A READY SMILE . . . A SMILE THAT
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The First Foot

by D'ARCY NILAND

When superstition rears its head,
where's the harm in a little deception?

"Bless the five of 'em — poor little nates," chants Nora. "As for your husband — it's the drink that's his superstition."

"Yes, the scum," Mrs. Adams agrees. "But for the other, no, we don't care a hoot — not one of us. I've heard all that yab before, and I don't believe a word of it."

"Now you just lend an ear to me, Kitty Adams."

"There's no need for warfare," I say.

"Warfare! Who's talking about warfare?" cries Nora. "You keep your big mouth shut, Pat McFadden, and listen to me. There's no one should be slighting a superstition out of ignorance. That's what I say. Of past years I've been lucky myself, please the saints, but I've seen it happen, I tell you. I've seen dark men put their foot across the door just after mid night on New Year's Eve, and I've seen bad luck come to that house for the year, and so I have."

"But," objects Mrs. Adams, "how could it? How can you be sure it's the dark men that causes it?"

Mrs. Adams folded her hands on her broom handle, and sniffed by way of punctuation, for it was hap-her the poor woman had.

"If it comes to me," says Nora, "stepping across me threshold in the deceiving graces of old Nick, I'll spit in his eyes and kick the legs from under him. Evv! Gah! The back of me hand to it!"

"Maybe, Nora," I says, "it's your entitlement to be that way . . . but all people are not the same."

"And more's the pity."

"That's right, Pat, lass," says Mrs. Adams. "I'm not troubled in the least by such superstitions. Neither is me old man. Nor any of me kids."

I HAVE all the love in the world for that woman of the Mc Clathery's, and I would jam me big foot down the mouth of the accursed that said she wasn't one of the silk. One of the best souls ever God put breath in is this Nora; minding her business and with never a word about anyone that might do them harm. I have known her from the days when I was a young paloot with a rag on every bush and fond of a fight, and in all that time she has always been the same — but let me get this out: there's one thing I don't uphold her in, a superstition that the majority of us chuckled off in the days of the dodo, and only laugh at now.

But Nora kept to it. She was the most obstinate curmudgeon of a woman you ever saw when it came to superstitions — and about the skeeriest of her superstitions is the one I'm telling you about now, the one concerning the New Year.

Herself, her neighbour, Mrs. Adams, and me are all gabbing to gether one day in December, and Nora is giving us the what-for.

"I'll not be abiding the bad luck that may come to me," She says, resolutely. "That I wasn't. God knows I've pitched the devil from me doorstep often enough, and I'll go on doing it."

"Well, Nora, it's my opinion that fate is fate, and there's nothing you can do about it."

"How?" screams Nora. "It happens every time. I said a lot ago that I've been lucky, and I have, too, but that's since my husband died."

"Nora," I stare. "Are you liking the dead?"

"Wait till I finish, will you?" There was never a better than himself, not his sinful soul. But listen so that: It was after a dark man put his foot over our threshold that poor McClachery got it... standing, poor fellow, in the way of a train that wasn't supposed to be coming. And here one of the best of fellows with his wife about him for years."

I could not help myself laughing at the way the superstition was fixed in the woman's mind. She turned on me, glaring.

"A laughing matter for you, is it, McFarlane? Well, let me tell you I've seen the opposite as well. I've seen a fair person come in and the people in the house have had a year's good luck. What do you say to that?"

"I wouldn't dream of denying it, Nora."

"It's me boys I'm worried about," says Nora frowning a great deal. "Prisoners of war; not knowing whether they're alive or dead."

"Well," says Mrs. Adams, "my eldest brother is somewhere over there, too, and I'm anxious just like you, but I ain't relying on any superstition to keep him safe."

"Ah, look here, lass," continues Mrs. Adams, affectionately: "last year with us they was eating and going in dozens, playing like larks and joking — black, white, and brindle, you could say — and we haven't had no bad luck."

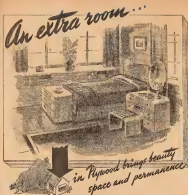
"Well, 'tis the good Lord Who's preserved you, then. That's all I can say."

Indeed, so much did this superstition worry poor Nora that her nerves were frizzling, and she knew that she wouldn't be better until the New Year went by in its stride. The omen — the first foot, the first foot that stepped into her house after the going of the old year was the only means by which she could be sure of her fate for the year. And it had never gone wrong. So is it any wonder, you'll say, that she believed in the first foot the way she did.

Right up to the margin of the old year, her eyes were somnolent and anxious, her face was pale and strained, with the dark tint of her health in it. She did her best to hide her fear and nervousness, and laughed as much as she could, and winked everybody well. There was her door wide open, and the singing and the shouting of the street revellers coming in; and Mrs. Adams and some of her friends, men and women, coming and going, with funny paper caps on their heads, and coloured stuff wrapped around their necks, and ringing bells and shaking locks, and making a great hullabaloo. All of them were fuller when they went out than when they came in, for Nora McClachery was no tight fit, praise the race. She liked such celebrations, and always had the appropriate vitals and liquors to make a person forget tomorrow, and think he was treading on clouds.

You couldn't hear yourself think in the hilarious chatter and gaiety.

"Drink up, boys," shouts Joe



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Don't. "To the health of Nora McClatchery!"

"Hip pop hooray!" We all raised our voices in chorus, and while some of us sang *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*, others pushed ahead with *Danny Boy*, and others again let her go with *Behind McCarthy's Door*, all of such a rowdy medley of hushed up melodies in different keys.

And then it was time — and everybody trooped out laughing and singing and cheering wildly, taking their mugs and stopping and quaffing as they went — time for the New Year to poke his nose in, and in the streets a great shouting went up, and everybody joined hands and danced in a ring, singing *Did Lang Syne* at the top of their voices, while kids lit bonfires and fired crackers all over the place.

I said everybody was there in the street, but I lie. Nora McClatchery was not there, not among the celebrators. She stood barring the door of her house, a queer look — even a horrible look — on her face, as though she dreaded the moment to come. And came it did soon, for the year was not a few minutes old when a big dark fellow, bounteous as a shirt in the wind, was eager to get into Nora's house again.

"OE with you, you black carbon," she shouts at him, and you'll see how peculiar that is, for by all the rights of chance and logic it should have been him that went through. But Nora was helping the superstition, blocking the door with her arms outstretched and determined to see things go the way she wanted them to.

"Black carbon!" says the fellow

Are you mad, Nora? Lefty Kelly I am, and I have already been in your house this night.

He tried to push past her, laughing, but she kicked his shins and roared "You'll not get in here before something fair. Get away! Get away!"

Lefty Kelly swung away with a decisive laugh, and up came another bouquette with jaws like a bulldog, and he says: "You can admit me, macabula McClatchery, for didn't we bump bottoms in the dance a while ago and towed each other to the skots?"

"I'll be teasing you a different way, Johnny Gerald, if you don't take your big bulk out of this. Get!"

But Johnny Gerald was stubborn as a bull, and he tried and became more and more persistent, blarneying Nora and doing his best to man her out of the way, so that Nora got excited and wild and grasped him and spat curses and police at him, and left the door for a moment to push him hard away.

And then, oh Lor! — by the grace of the devil, the dirty jaggot, while Nora was struggling with the man, a small party came bubbling up with Mrs. Adams, and a slight fellow led through and into the hall — and he was dark, dark enough to bring about all the bad luck in the world.

Nora shrieked and tore in after the cheerful band: her eyes were wide.

"This is Larry Houlthan," says Mrs. Adams. "One after your own heart."

"Houlthan, is it?" cries Nora McClatchery, grins. "And do you know what you've done? You've



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put the bad luck curse on me for the year. The dirty rascal you are—who asked you into my house? You had no right?"

There was laughter and chaffing, but the woman, McClatchey, was panting; she stood stiffly and her face was all ashen. Dread gripped her, and their scuffling was no consolation. She began to mutter hysterically: "The curse of God has come upon my house. The devil has crept into my heart like a snake, and my life has the taint of evil. And I smell death and terrible things in the wind . . . and I see them like black shadows in a blur of ruin . . . and it's terrible . . . terrible . . .!"

Then the poor soul seemed to lose her senses. She rushed at the chairs, kicking them over, and she brushed all the crockery away in a clattering crash. She was screaming and people were mobbing the door. Men got hold of her and Mrs. Adams snatched her face again and again, and her reason seemed to return, but she looked frightful, breathing harsh and staring, her body shaking, her face the colour of an old mushroom.

"You don't want to take on like that, love," says Mrs. Adams.

Then a kid pushed in — his name McClatchey, too, and he thrust a telegram into Nora's hand, babbling something about a wrong address; and no time to bring it along earlier. At that Nora half swooned and the telegram fell from her nerveless fingers.

"Will I open it for you," cries Mrs. Adams, "and take the shock if there's any?"

"No," says Nora, "it's a shock I'll take it myself. I want none to

ouster my personal blows."

We all looked in a flush at her face as she read; there was joy and bewilderment in her expression.

"Mr boys!" she finally exclaimed. "It's about me kids, all right, but it says they're safe, and they'll be coming home. They'll be coming home."

Everyone cheered wildly. Nora looked suspiciously at Larry Houlahan. "There's something queer here," she says. "Be right, seeing you're the first foot, and dark at that, this telegram should be telling me bad news, instead of good."

Mrs. Adams gave a soprano laugh. "Of course, and you're right, Nora McClatchey. This big drop ain't really dark at all. He's blond. He's had his hair dyed. Ain't you, Larry?"

"Sure," smiles Larry. "Would I be the one to bring bad luck to any of my own race? Not me, Mrs. McClatchey."

"Glory be to God!" says Nora. "I knew it. I knew there was something wrong." She laughed. "And what have you got to say about the superstition now? Go, go on, get yourselves into it. Eat up and drink, and make the occasion true to itself. I'll be with you all again in a minute."

She went off upstairs, maybe to praise the saints in her relief and gladness; but that's not the end of the story. In the drawing room, Mrs. Adams turned to Larry Houlahan, who was talking to me, and she said: "Mind the drinks, Larry, old sport; keep your end up in that little fib, and don't go telling her you're dinky-di black-haired after all, now will you?"

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The Cell Music

by BETTY LEE

Frustrated from boyhood, he sought to express his musical talents in a prison cell.

IT was after Monsieur Barrotti gave his piano recital in the prison recreation hall that I went to see the governor. I had to wait almost half an hour in the little grey waiting room before the trustee opened the door and let me into the office.

I said to the governor: "I have a request to make, sir."

He looked up at me from under his grey eyebrows. "What is it, Harding?"

I twisted my prison cap between my dust-grained fingers. Before I answered, I turned the words over in my mind, and they sounded childish and silly. But I went on. "I want to learn music, sir. I believe it is permissible for prisoners to learn a trade."

Governor Jenkins laid down his fountain-pen and squeaked back in his chair. "True, Harding. But I

wouldn't call music exactly a trade. It's more of a culture, isn't it?"

"Is there any rule against culture, sir?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then . . . may I?"

The governor examined the back of his hand. I began to feel nervous, like a schoolboy on the mat before a headmaster. I had a desperate longing to be back in my cell — brooding. At least I would be alone there. The governor spoke again.

"What instrument do you want to play?"

"The piano, sir. Monsieur Barrotti put the thought into my head. There was a man with something to think about, sir . . ." I broke off and hung my head. It was ridiculous, a man of twenty-nine wanting to learn the piano. All that belonged to adolescence. I

looked back at the governor. "You see, I'll be in here for life, sir. It's not much use learning a trade if I'll never be able to use it. But music's different."

"I doubt whether I'd be able to find you a teacher, Harding," said the governor. "And there's the prison board. I'm afraid they'd take a rather poor view if I allowed you to learn the piano. I'd be making an exception."

"Oh, I've thought that out, sir?"

"You have?"

"The Sisters of Mercy. They come every Sunday morning to give a service for Romaine Carabelles. One of them is a music teacher."

"How did you discover this?"

"I was talking to Raintree. He helps with the communions. He's quite sure they would teach me if you had a word with them."

The governor looked surprised. "How long did it take you to come to me about this?"

"I've been thinking about it for months, sir. I've always wanted to learn music."

Jenkins pecked up his fountain pen again. "It's a pity you didn't devote your time to it before you came here."

I gulped.

The governor continued, "I'll think about it. I'll let you know tomorrow. You can go now."

"Thank you, sir."

Outside in the corridor I placed my grey prison cap on the back of my head. Raintree caught up with me when I reached the yard.

"How'd you get on?"

"I don't know. Maybe. He said he'd let me know."

"That sounds hopeful. At least he didn't say no."

I raised my head and looked at the barred window of the governor's office, overlooking the prison yard. "No," I said. "At least he didn't say no."

At half past four, we were all locked into our cells for the night. Tea came around in a rattling cartons at half past five, and then we were left alone until eight o'clock lights-out. Under the dim lamp, I read the newspaper article again about the piano genius who only took piano lessons for five years before he gave a concert. Funny about some people. Things like that were born in them. Like murder, for instance. That's what the judge said when he passed verdict. "You were a born murderer," he had grated. "It is the job of our merciful community to make sure that you do not die one."

I stuffed the newspaper under my pillow. I wanted to forget that. Nancy, and the way the blood poured down the front of her dress.

I hadn't wanted to kill her. I told the jury about that, but they hadn't taken me seriously. "It was all a matter of ethics," I had shouted at them. "Haven't you ever heard of ethics? Principle and conscience — the fact that I felt I couldn't let her live. I didn't want to murder the girl. She just couldn't stay alive, that's all."

They all looked so stoney, sitting in their little rows of chairs in the jury box. Quite unmoved. Bored, even. They even looked bored when the foreman murmured the verdict "Guilty," he had said. And there was a little rash in the reporter's corner to get to a phone. A matter of headlines that day. Guilty — and a recom-

mendation for mercy. I still wonder about that. It must have been the bit about ethics that convinced them. Life imprisonment — years behind the walls.

I buried my head into the pillow. Tomorrow I might know about the music.

But it was not until next Sunday that the governor called for me. "You're not a Roman Catholic, are you, Harding?"

"No, sir."

"The Sisters are willing to teach you. At least, one of them is. Report to the chapel after service is over and ask the warden to introduce you."

"Yes, sir?"

"And, Harding..."

"Yes, sir?"

"You'd better make a success of this, or I'll never love it down as far as the Board is concerned."

"Yes, sir?"

Sister Theresa was the name of the nun who said she would teach me. The warden escorted us to the piano in the recreation room and sat on a chair in front of the stage watching us.

The little hooded woman smiled at me. "Have you ever played before?"

"Only a little, Sister. I took lessons for a month or so when I was a boy."

"What a pity you did not keep it up."

"Yes, Sister."

"Do you think you could remember the C Major scale?"

"Only vaguely."

"Then let me show you first."

I hunched over the lid of the piano and watched her small white fingers moving over the keyboard.

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The warden grinned, and I grinned, and the Sister smiled. "Easy, isn't it?" she asked.

"Sure!"

"That's your lesson for today. Come and try. If you can play at perfectly next Sunday, I'll be satisfied."

I felt awkward and leishy sitting at the keyboard. Fascinated, I stared at the black and white keys and poised my hands over them.

"All right, then," said Sister Theresa. "Play."

Stiffly, I placed the small finger of my left hand and the thumb of my right hand on two C's. The sound staggered from the keyboard — Ginny and antipassive, I scratched my hands away and looked at the nun with horror-stricken eyes. "I'm not much good, am I?"

"Try again."

I tried again, and this time the sound was more flexible, so I tried a D. Slowly and painfully, my fingers crept up the keyboard till I had played two octaves, then I slowly crept back again to the starting point.

"That's good!" said the Sister. "That's very good. You can practice that for a week, now."

I felt disappointed. "Is that all?"

"Well, what else would you like to learn?"

"Maybe a piece — just a small piece."

The Sister smiled. "Every scale is a piece in itself. There's lots of music in a scale. You listen to it as you play." She looked at the warden. "We've finished now, warden." I jumped down from the platform and walked to the door,

and as I did, Sister Theresa called after me. "Don't forget to practice, will you?"

I laughed, and shook my head. That night, in my cell, I practiced the fingering of the scale along the bare board of my table. Foster I went, and more surely, softly humming the tones under my breath. One of the wardens walked passed the bars of the cell and saw me painfully tapping my fingers on the table.

"What do you think you're doing, Harding?" he said.

I grinned at him. We were good friends, this warden and I. "Practicing the piano," I said. He laughed under his breath, so as not to wake the other prisoners. "Harding," he smiled, "You shouldn't be here — you should be in an asylum."

Rainford, especially, was pleased at my success. "It's amazing what music can do for you," he said to me as we squatted in the sunshine of the prison-yard. "It can save you from anything — insanity, even. Remember Beethoven?"

I nodded. "The man who wrote the *Moonlight Sonata*?"

"He wrote more than that," said Rainford. "Symphonies, concertos, sonatas — . And do you know, Harding — he wrote most of them while he was deaf?"

I had heard something of the sort before. "It was wonderful, wasn't it? I wonder how he did it?"

Rainford rose and stretched his legs. "It was easy — to him. His music was inside him. That was important."

Sister Theresa came to teach me music every Sunday morning for

over a year. Then one morning she said to me, "I've been speaking to the governor about you. You haven't been practicing enough."

I looked horrified. "But, Sister — I've done my best. The governor allows me to come here during the lunch-hour every day. I do without my lunch to practice."

"An hour a day isn't enough for you," said Sister Theresa, "Not when a pupil is advanced, as you are."

I looked at her. "Advanced?"

"Yes, of course."

"Do you think I'm advanced?"

"Very much. I would say you were my best pupil."

"And what did the governor say?"

"He regretted very much that he could not help you any more. It seems that you are all locked in your cells at half past four every afternoon."

"Yes, it's the prison rule."

"So I asked him if it were possible to let you practice from half past four until six o'clock every day."

I laughed. "What did he say?"

"He refused."

"I thought he would. It would cause a riot amongst the other prisoners. I'm being talked about as it is."

Sister Theresa shook her head. "The whole thing is a great pity. A man as talented as you should be allowed to continue your studies with far better teachers than the Sisters of Mercy. And you should be allowed to practice as much as you want. And so — I have brought you a present today."

I looked surprised. "A present?"

She nodded. "I've already shown it to the governor, and he has approved of it. It seems to overcome most of our difficulties." She walked over to the side of the recreation room stage and dragged out a long, oblong box about the length of a piano keyboard. I looked again. It was a piano keyboard!

"But, Sister," I said. "I can't have a piano in my cell. It would not be allowed."

"This isn't a real piano," she said. And demonstrating, she pressed one of the keys. "It is a dummy keyboard. We often use them at the convent to teach children how to play their scales well. Keep it in your cell and practice during the night. Your fingering will become flexible and efficient."

Rainford was impressed when I showed him the keyboard. "Wonderful," he said. "Just like Beethoven. The music will have to come from inside you."

That night I played the *Moonlight Sonata* on my dummy piano. The night warden stood outside my cell and watched me. "What are you playing?" he asked.

"Beethoven," I said. "Do you know, Warden — Beethoven was deaf. He couldn't hear what he was playing, either."

"Is that so? Harding — play me something special, will you?"

I grinned. "Sure. What would you like, warden?"

"*When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*. My mother's old favourite."

"Certainly," I said. And I silently played the old tune on the keyboard. After I had finished, the warden said, "That was wonderful. I'll be around for some more

music later. Will you be awake?"

"Sure. Any time, wander."

"Good. It was about time we had a little entertainment around here."

It was only a month after that, I had the accident. We had all emerged from our cells in the morning, and were waiting for the doors to shut, when I remembered I had left my coat on the bunk. I knew it was against the rules, but taking a chance, I darted into the cell and was emerging again when the door clanged shut on my arm.

Screaming with pain, I shouted to one of my cell-mates, who in turn shouted to the warden. Someone flung the switch which opened the doors, but before I could stagger into the corridor I fainted.

When I regained consciousness, I was in the prison hospital. Through the swarming mist, I managed to make out the white shape of a man standing at the foot of the bed. The figure quivered strangely, as if a thick pall of heat hung over it, or a sheet of cheap, distorting glass. I licked my lips.

"Doctor?"

"Yes?"

"What happened to me?"

"You had an accident."

Instinctively, I tried to move my right arm, and a pain shot through my shoulder.

"What happened to my arm?"

"We had to amputate."

I was silent for a moment.

"Doctor, would it be possible for me to have a visitor?"

"It might be arranged. Who is it?"

"Rainford. Clem Rainford. He's in Number Four Block."

"I'll see. I'm giving you a needle now. You should be able to sleep."

I murmured, "Thank you."

Rainford was there when I woke up. I wanted to raise my hand to greet him, but I was too weak.

"They took my arm off, Clem."

"Yes, I know."

"No more music."

"I wouldn't say that."

"It's true. No more lessons with Sister Theresa. I won't be able to play the dummy piano any more. Clem?"

"Yes?"

"Have you ever heard of any one-armed pianists?"

"Lots of them. Some composers write music especially for one hand."

"That's interesting." I felt weak again.

Clem said "Remember Beethoven, Haendel? And the music from within?"

"Yes."

"You've got that. Don't forget as all your music is within — like inside a prison."

I turned my head away. "I won't forget."

Vaguely I heard the doctor say, "You'd better go now."

I heard the scrape of the hospital chair as Rainford rose to his feet, and the slow sound of his footstep creeping away from the bed. Then suddenly I was fully conscious again. The doctor said quietly:

"You can come again tomorrow. There's something I want you to tell him. We had to amputate both arms. They were both almost severed."

Then he gazed at me suddenly as I suddenly sat up in bed, shivering.



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IS LOSING
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three mines concerned with the destruction of the hotel also received short sentences.

But embers still glowed in the ashes of the hotel—sparks of hatred and revolt. The miners continued to hold secret assemblies, and on the night of November 29, 1854, they gathered around a new flag which bore the Southern Cross on a blue ground, and swore "by the Southern Cross to stand truly to each other, and to fight to defend our rights and liberties."

They drilled—as they thought, in secret, but their plans became

known, and new troops were brought to the town.

On December 3, the two sides fought. Ill-trained, ill-equipped, and out-numbered, the miners were overwhelmed. Yet, in losing the fight, they gained a new flag, and new independence.

The shot which had been fired in that English wood had reached in a small Victorian town. For in the ashes of Bentley's Hotel lay a sign which was now uncloudable. But the wood it had borne was, simply . . . *Europe*.



THE funeral was over and the mourners departed. The widow, still young, still beautiful, was left alone with her sorrow. "Why," she asked herself, "must my happiness be broken so soon? Why must I always lose the men I love?"

For this was the second time that she had lost a husband to death, and she feared that she might be the victim of a curse. But time healed her wounds, and again she fell in love — this time with a young sailor; under his ardent wooing, her sadness went, and when he put to sea, he left behind him a gay and laughing woman, his wife.

However, sea journeys were long in the days of wind, and so the weeks passed into months, the woman accepted the hospitality of her neighbours. At a ball, she captured the attention of the governor of the province . . . Again she

loved, gallily. Her paramour laughed at her uneasy fears, and vaunted his power until she was completely under his spell.

Then the sailor-husband returned — to be greeted by the governor with a commission to hunt the pirates who infested the Spanish Main. The task was an honour which the young captain accepted with alacrity, and soon more he put to sea. In his absence the gaily lison between his wife and his superior continued.

Bad weather struck the ship, and the sailor was forced to put back to port. His arrival was unexpected: he discovered the gaily secret. Angry, powerless against such high authority, desperate, he fled to the waterfront, collected his crew and returned to the Spanish Main, this time, however, it was not as a banner of pirates, but as a pirate himself, seeking to avenge the wrong he had suffered.



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**A MESSAGE FROM THE
LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES
IN AUSTRALIA**

His name became synonymous with infamy, and the stories of his harsh deeds spread through the Indies, to America, to England. Caught at last, he was tried and

found guilty of piracy. Driven to insanity by a faithless wife and an unprincipled superior, he met death at a rope's end.

His name was Captain Kidd.



HE was of the bush — a tall, lean man with a sunken face who just walked the city streets with confident stride. She was of the city, but her cheeks were brightly healthy, and in her eyes was the light of youth.

They fell in love, but because he had only a tent for a home, he hesitated to ask her to be his wife. True, the tent was on his own land, and he was doing well. He told her of his love, and with a happy laugh, she answered that she would gladly share his rough home.

So they returned to the bush as man and wife, determined to huck a true home from the bush. Together they worked, and as he cut and milled the timber she encouraged him with her devotion. Piece by piece, their dream home took

shape, and as each night they looked at it from the tent, they planned how they would live in it. Came the time when he had only to put down the foambords, but on the day he started that job, a hurrying neighbour brought him a message to return home: the baby, to whose advent they had looked forward, had arrived before its time.

But he was too late. His wife had already died—in a tent, alone.

That is why the home they planned is now a deserted ruin. The walls are there, and the roof is on. But the house was never finished.

For the husband, as a last act of love, had made the girl's coffin with his own hands . . . from the flooring boards which would have completed their dream home.



IT was the sixth or seventh bridge of a chain between Otrius and Purren gardens that they were building when the old Maori approached to tell them that they would have to build further down.

"Why," they asked him, "what is the difference?"

The old man showed no impatience as he answered:

"Tapu ground, there . . . You must not build."

They laughed. What old tradition was this out of the mouth of a man whose race was becoming a mere legend? They went on building the bridge, and the old Maori

watched them, unmoving, from the depths of his triangular eyes. Now and then, he said again:

"This is tapu ground, the cemetery of my forefathers. You will never get the bridge across." The work went on. Then they came to that tapu bank, and the trouble began. The first concrete pile they placed into position would not set. They tried a second time, a third, a fourth . . . and still the concrete would not set. They tamped it but it was of the same pe-

portance as that which they had used on the other bridges.

Despite all their efforts, the concrete remained liquid. Yet the bridge went up, and, if you are ever in New Zealand, you may see it. You will see, however, that the piles upon which it rests are all of concrete except one. And that lone pile is of steel reinforced wood. It was the only way the builders could come to terms with the vengeful, powerful dead.



OSCAR was nine years of age when his father took him to live on Papeton. The house to which they went was a strange one: the floors were covered with paintings which to his small boy's mind were undecipherable, and in the beams holding up the roof were carved queer figures.

The natives told Oscar that the previous owner was a Frenchman who had forsaken civilization to live like one of themselves. He had taken a native wife, fathered half-caste children. It is said this man who had been responsible for the paintings and carvings.

The house terrified Oscar. At night he watched the carved *ahus*, and in the light of the moon the figures became weird creatures. And he knew that, outside, the *Tapepau*, evil spirits, waited and prowled around and wanted to get inside the *ahus*. He knew, too, that he could no longer stay in the

same house as the work of the crazy man.

In the morning, he rose and went out on to the verandah. There, he found some trunks in which there were more paintings and drawings. With the help of some sailors, he carried the trunks down to the beach, and out on to a coral reef. And there, he ordered the sailors to haul the trunks into the sea. They obeyed, and Oscar watched the trunks sink into the deep surf. And he felt safe, for now he felt that he had proved that he was mightier than those strange creations of a madman.

The had gone forever, and a little boy was happy; but today Oscar — a butcher in Papeton — mourns that he once threw away a fortune. For the trunks which he sent to the bottom of the sea contained a million francs' worth of artwork, and the man who had owned that house in Tahiti was Paul Gauguin.

We've Had It!

WE'VE HAD the irony of fate demonstrated the world over:

- Death came to Ivy Phillips, a London girl cashier, because she demonstrated courage. She was held up while counting money where she worked, and told the hold-up man to "Run away, little boy!" He killed her, then brought help too late.

- Fortune has evaded Jorane Veyvado. A Czech, he composed the song "Rif Out the Barrel," and was sent to a concentration camp. The song has made him £20,000 — Veyvado is not available to collect the money.

- Entertainment led to tragedy in Chicago when a 13-year-old girl tried to entertain her young brother. Telling him she was going to show him what they did to bad people, she looped a clothes line over her neck, tied it to a beam, and hanged herself.

WE'VE HAD romance in the British Isles where:

- A bride fainted on leaving the altar after her wedding because the ring was too small, and hurt her finger. In hospital the ring was seen off within an hour of being put on.

- A club for youths and girls between 16 and 22 is experimenting in matrimonial psychology so that they can make love last by making living together a science.

- A blind man met his blind fiancée who had travelled from America to join him after a romance which began 10 years ago. The blind man wrote an article for a Braille magazine which was being edited by a woman. Love was the outcome.

WE'VE HAD problems set by the farmer sex, as usual:

- A girl in England stole a mare, rode it 90 miles, gave it to the police, who could not find its owners and sold it to a horse butcher. Girl's age—15.

- A girl in Luton who sold marijuana three times and slept nights, due to health, accounted for her being late at work 44 times in 18 weeks.

- Boasting of super-brief bottoms for glimmer figures was asked in Queensland at a council meeting of the holiday resort, Collingatta. Application came from . . . Point Danger.

WE'VE HAD men drawing attention to themselves in unconscious comedy:

- At a trades union meeting in London the word "female" was objected to by a delegate, who said it was a "cold, heartless word, not one which could be used to describe people who have warm, deep feelings." He was a bachelor.

- Apprentices and young workmen will be taken care of in an Enfield (Eng. land) factory by special welfare officers. They look after the young workmen — are called "works' under."

WE'VE HAD courage at its best:

- The famous "man in the iron lung," who has been kept alive in this way for nine years now, has become the father of his third child. Fred Smith, 35.



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is an infantile paralysis victim, married 1939, first child born 1940, second in 1943.

WE'VE HAD inspiration at its most daring.

• Field-Wendel Montparnasse was imprompted in the Mediterranean a few days before D-Day — officially, to deceive Hitler's High Command!

WE'VE HAD science putting forward more Vamp-like ideas.

• Eight-minute rocket mail deliveries between cities 500 miles apart are forecast by the American Rocket Society.

• A "radio proximity fuse" is exploded by the target at which it is aimed, as soon as it comes within range—the, next to the atomic bomb, a hailed as war's greatest development of science.

WE'VE HAD some sidelights on finance.

• Mortgage should be made easy by granting loans to newly-weds to enable them to buy durable furniture and household equipment, according to the Commonwealth Housing Commission.

• Legal procedure resulted in costs being awarded against a dead man in Arizona. After a charge to die with car-sitting was discharged, a bonnet asked for costs \$333/- costs were awarded the complainant had, however, died in the meantime.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

No. 11

How do we get elasticity into Jantzen these days?

It's our trick, and we're not telling everything.

Lots of experts would sell their eye teeth to know.

But we're telling this much to the lovely ladies who will be wearing Jantzen. — We've created our famous new Whip-sheen fabric by whirling rayon and wool together.

The result is a shimmer-dancer full of elasticity! Slight ripples and gleams scow as lovely women.

Whip-sheen Jantzen are only obtainable from retail stores (Sears, quantities still limited). Today's Jantzen is size 12-14. Men's all wool Trunks in sizes 28-40.

After Thrifty says—"Rinse your suit as soon as you take it off. Squeeze, don't twist, the water out of it. Dry flat in the shade."



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